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EDITORIAL

LETTER FROM THE BUSHER

Dere Al,

It's been a while since I wrote to you and so I 'spect you'll be wanting to hear all about how good my road trip's been going. I suppose you read in the daily blats about how things was real bad for the Washington Republicans but that was before they called up yours truly. Al, they ain't seen a hot streak like mine since Dimag pounded the pill in 56 straight games.

I guess your wondering how old George was able to turn the team around faster than Cobb slud into home. Well, the first thing I done was I told Cap Baker (he's the new manager) to bench Dole and Kemp who they couldn't hit their way out of a feed sack. Then I ast him to put that rookie Danny Quayle in the No. 2 slot. All the wiseacres says I was crazy, but as Cap says to me later, "He's so obnoxious he makes you look like Abraham Lincoln."

Well, Al, the next thing I done was to get the team's daubers up. Why with all those scandals the press was comparing us to the Chicago Black Sox. Say it ain't so, Mike. Say it ain't so, Ollie. Say it ain't so, Ed. Say it ain't so, Ron. You know how the scribes was all writing those unfair stories about Iran/*contra* which I swear I was on the disabled list when it happened. Then to top it off the Democrats got hot and swept their serious in Atlanta, and Duke started hittin' the cover off the ball.

That didn't worry me, Al. I used my secret pitch—the Pledge of Allegiance! Pretty soon the crowds was all on my side. Here's how it goes: I pledge allegiance to the Flag which you can bet you never saw Danny Quayle burn and to the Republicans for which it stands. One nation under God in every schoolhouse with liberty and justice for those who know enough to vote for—

Yours truly,
George the Busher

A TYRANT UNMOURNED
Salman Rushdie

JESUS IN HOLLYWOOD
Edward Sorel

KOREAN LABOR RESURGENCE
Bernard Stephens

IMMIGRATION REFORM BACKFIRES
Hector Tobar

WRITERS UNION AT 5
Robert Claiborne

CANTATAS FOR THE DAMNED
John Leonard

HIGH PLAINS ECOLOGY

HOLISTIC COWBOYS ON THE RANGE

WILBUR WOOD

Roundup, Montana

One name that central Montana used to go by was "Buffalo Land," and some days, as I gaze from a high pine-shaded ridge out over the cottonwoods following a winding river, over the undulant grass and sagebrush prairie to the distant blue-white mountains, all the products of politics—the fences and roads and power lines—shimmer and seem to disappear into the land; and instead of scattered cattle and sheep, irrigated hayfields, dryland wheat, I see great bison and elk herds, deer and antelope on the move, kicking up dust, agitated by packs of wolves or by a grizzly prowling a creek bottom, or by a band of human hunters. I see the Big Open.

The Big Open is more than a daydream. It is an actual, serious proposal—by a Montanan, but a western Montanan—to turn a large area of eastern Montana into a North American Serengeti. There, the natives would abandon their current custom of grazing semidomesticated, nonnative meat animals on private and public lands and take up different and perhaps more lucrative occupations as hosts to tourists enthralled by glimpses of bobcat, curlew, white-tailed deer, or as guides to trophy hunters seeking big-antlered elk or bighorn sheep. Maybe there will be some kind of Outward Bound program in which the final survival test is a group effort—no four-wheel-drive vehicles or horses allowed (horses came with the white man)—to spook a buffalo herd into stampeding over a cliff. Like in the old days, when politics was submerged in biology.

(*Continued on Page 200*)

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EXCHANGE.

CHOMSKY AND THE HOLOCAUST

New York City

One statement in Brian Morton's essay ["Chomsky Then and Now"] in the May 7 issue of *The Nation* disturbingly tends to legitimize a basic tenet of Holocaust-denial by whitewashing it of anti-Semitism. In the context of discussing Noam Chomsky's defense of "revisionist" historian Robert Faurisson's right of free speech, Morton writes, "It's conceivable, perhaps, that one can deny the existence of the gas chambers without being an anti-Semite." On the contrary—such a proposition cannot be reasonably entertained. Morton's assertion lends respectability to one of the themes in vogue among Jew-haters. Such a proposition about a tragedy that has been so massively and concretely documented is simply not rational.

Also, according to Morton, Professor Chomsky claims to be concerned only with Faurisson's right to espouse Holocaust-denial canards, and to have only a nodding acquaintance with Faurisson's work. For Morton's information, Professor W.D. Rubinstein wrote in the April 1981 issue of the Australian magazine *Quadrant* of correspondence with Chomsky in which Chomsky wrote to him:

> I see no anti-Semitic implications in denial of the existence of gas chambers, or even denial of the Holocaust. . . . I see no hint of anti-Semitic implications in Faurisson's work.

For Professor Chomsky to "see no anti-Semitic implications" in such a proposition is inexplicably limited in perception. And for Morton to claim that "he's [Chomsky's] never written anything that can be taken as an endorsement of Faurisson's claims. Never," is equally uninformed. *Alan M. Schwartz*
Director
Research and Evaluation Department
Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith

CHOMSKY AS SISYPHUS

Carpinteria, Calif.

It's distressing to see *The Nation* devoting its pages to whining about changes in Noam Chomsky's mood (more "despairing," "angry," "coarse," "strident" than formerly). This is nonsense. Existential conditions are not susceptible to improvement by criticism, effort or hypocrisy. Chomsky's work deserves to be criticized on its intellectual merits. Since his output has been so marginalized (by censoring powers more pervasive than just the Zionist lobby), *The Nation* ought to feel obliged to offer serious analysis.

Are Chomsky's facts correct? How fair is his methodology? What about his interpretations? Have they become more or less insightful over time? I would like to see a discussion of Chomsky's frequent allegation that United States and Soviet imperialism are of the same substance. I am prepared to hear arguments that this is so, but where are the arguments? Are Afghanistan and Poland really the moral equivalents of Vietnam, Nicaragua and Mozambique? His facts on this seem weak.

No rational person would deny that someone whose devoted contributions to peace and justice are increasingly silenced by prevailing powers might become a little glum. Brian Morton ought to have the decency to commend, rather than carp at, our "most valuable critic of American power." Chomsky in his Sisyphean humanism continues to piece together fragments of forbidden reality, doing the moral thing, whatever his mood. Leave melting lyricism to the unscathed and hypomanic. *Katy Meigs*

CHOMSKY AS AMOS

Tyler, Tex.

One element that comes through strongly in Brian Morton's critique on the writings of Noam Chomsky is the powerful resemblance of Chomsky to an Old Testament prophet. The primary function of a prophet is not to foretell the future but to serve as a social critic—telling the people, particularly those in power, the truth they do not want to hear. The prophet cares not a fig for national interest, illusions of security or the economic costs of bad policies. As Morton observes (of Chomsky) at the outset: "His critique of the [Indochina] war was clearly and unapologetically a moral critique." The prophet's motto is, "Justice, justice shalt thou pursue." The Hebrew word *tzedek* is translated as "righteousness" as well as "justice."

If Chomsky is treated as a pariah by the liberal and mass media, it is precisely because he speaks truth to power, making his views "unpopular." Thus, "No prophet is acceptable in his own country."

Morton notes the harsher tone in Chomsky's recent work. In the earlier writing, Morton indicates, Chomsky was critical of the intellectuals, but believed that as human beings they were capable of change and could "sometimes be persuaded by reasonable arguments." If Chomsky now writes on a more pessimistic note, it may not be so much that he has changed but that the intellectuals have, as well as has the concept of what constitutes an intellectual. If Norman Podhoretz becomes an apologist for the Indochina war, how can we expect him to be reasonable about Israel or Central America? If Midge Decter can't handle the idea of compassion, how can we expect any concept of righteousness or concern for human rights? If "liberal" media like *Commentary*, *The New Republic*, *The New York Review of Books* and *The New York Times* echo the Reaganite line, can we expect them to give a damn about truth?

We are in a time when close-minded ideologues are being hailed as intellectuals, e.g., Jeane Kirkpatrick and George Will. When a flack like Charles Krauthammer touts the *contras* and claims it is a moral position (copping a Pulitzer yet!), it is enough to give morality a bad name.

If Chomsky seems harsh these days, I wonder why the left is as nice as it is. Why don't we turn right-wing rhetoric around and talk of "knee-jerk anticommunists"? When a Robert Leiken winds up on the same side as John Singlaub, Oliver North et al., why don't we say that he's "soft on fascism"? There's no departure from truth in that.

Finally, a society that does not heed its prophets is asking for trouble. (This is where the predictive element of prophecy comes in.) There is a well-known line from Proverbs: "Where there is no vision, the people perish." The original semantics indicate prophetic vision. The Revised Standard Version translation reads: "Where there is no prophecy the people cast off restraint." The floodgates of unreason are open, leading to other abominations.

Morton is sorry to see Chomsky use phrases like "no sane person could fail to see." That is the horror of it. Sanity and morality have been replaced by Orwellian madness and hypocritical rationales. The trickle-down effect is a disintegration of our social fabric, obvious to "any person whose head is not buried in the sand." *Eliahu Edelson*

CLASS ANALYSIS

Tesuque, N.M.

Thank you for Brian Morton's essay on Noam Chomsky. It is heartening to see both complexity and compassion in progressive analysis. *Chellis Glendinning*

BEARABLE UNLIGHTNESS OF BEING

Fallbrook, Calif.

It is axiomatic that true liberty includes a willingness to defend the expression of detestable ideas. If we accept the American Civil Liberties Union's defense of the neo-Nazis' right to have a parade, why can't we accept Noam Chomsky's defense of Robert Faurisson's right to write? A parade is far more intrusive than writing, which can be ignored and in Faurisson's case easily refuted.

As for Brian Morton, instead of looking down from his Olympian heights and criticizing Chomsky's alleged change of style, he should look at the changes in the world Chomsky has to face. Compare the Israel of early statehood with Israel under the leadership of terrorists Menachem Begin, Yitzhak Shamir and Ariel Sharon. Compare the United States that threw out the Nixon gang in disgrace with the United States that leaves the Reagan gang, guilty of far more serious and fundamental attacks on the integrity of

(*Continued on Page 214*)

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CONTENTS.

Volume 247, Number 6

EXCHANGE
186

EDITORIALS
185 Letter From the Busher
187 Workers' State
188 Zia Unmourned — *Salman Rushdie*
189 Hollow Center — *Andrew Kopkind*

COLUMNS
190 Uncivil Liberties — *Calvin Trillin*
191 Jesus in Hollywood — *Edward Sorel*
192 Minority Report — *Christopher Hitchens*

Drawings by J-C Suarès

ARTICLES
185 High Plains Ecology: Holistic Cowboys on the Range — *Wilbur Wood*
193 Behind the Olympics Facade: Labor Resurgence in South Korea — *Bernard Stephens*
196 Immigration Reform Backfires: No Rights for Migrant Workers — *Hector Tobar*
199 Writers Union at 5: Settling in for the Long Haul — *Robert Claiborne*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
205 DeLillo: Libra — *John Leonard*
208 Films — *James Lardner*
210 Films — *Stuart Klawans*
212 Music — *Gene Santoro*

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EDITORIALS.

Workers' State

Labor Day, 1988. The past seven years have not been good ones for working people. The deterioration of the standard of living in this country is documented below by Jacqueline Simon of the Economic Policy Institute in Washington. She is co-author, with Lawrence Mishel, of The State of Working America, *published by the institute.*

The 1987 real average hourly wage of $8.98 and the real average weekly wage of $312.50 are at the lowest levels in twenty-five years (11 percent and 16 percent lower, respectively, than their 1973 peaks).

§ Since the last peak in the business cycle, in 1979, employment in manufacturing, with relatively high average weekly wages of $398, has declined by 1.9 million jobs. At the same time, the service sector has added 13.9 million jobs. Since 1979, 84 percent of job growth has been in the two lowest-paying industries, retail trade ($258 a week) and business, personal and health services ($327 a week).

§ The minimum wage in the 1980s has been worth nearly $1 less per hour in purchasing power than it was in the 1960s. There has been a 47 percent increase in the number of people who work full time, year-round but remain below the poverty threshold.

§ Family incomes have declined over the past decade for the majority of Americans. Families in the bottom 80 percent of income distribution (those taking in $52,000 or less per year) and families with little in the way of property income (from interest, rent, dividends and profit) have all had significant real income declines in the past decade.

§ Poverty rates have increased for almost all demographic groups, but children under age 6 and families headed by

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women show the largest increases and have the highest rates of poverty in each racial group. Today, 5 million children under age 6 live in poverty, 1.6 million more than in 1979; in households headed by women, half of black and Latino and 27 percent of white families live in poverty.

§ Between 1977 and 1988, only families in the top 20 percent of income distribution have recorded any increases in their average family income. The middle 40 percent have lost, on average, about $1,500 per year in family income. The average *gain* of the top 1 percent ($134,513) was almost six times the income of the average family in the middle 40 percent.

§ The income redistribution of the past decade is large even by historical standards. By 1967, as a result of unionization and a redistributive economic policy, the ratio between average incomes of the richest 5 percent of the population and the bottom 80 percent was 4 to 1. But in 1987 we were back to 1947 standards: The top 5 percent had an average income of $123,600 while the bottom 80 percent had an average income of $25,780, returning to a ratio of roughly 5 to 1.

§ The latest Federal Reserve data reveal the growing inequality in distribution of wealth. The wealthiest 10 percent of Americans owned 69 percent of all property in 1983, a 7 percent increase over their 1962 share. Meanwhile, the share owned by the bottom 90 percent dropped by 11 percent, and the bottom 54 percent of the population had zero net financial assets.

Conclusion: The rich got richer, the poor are poorer and the middle class has been pushed toward the bottom.

Zia Unmourned

When a tyrant falls, the world's shadows lighten, and only hypocrites grieve; and Gen. Mohammad Zia ul-Haq was one of the cruelest of modern tyrants, whatever his "great friend" George Bush and his staunch supporter Margaret Thatcher would have us think. Eleven years ago, he burst out of his bottle like an *Arabian Nights* goblin, and although he seemed, at first, a small, puny sort of demon, he instantly commenced to grow, until he was gigantic enough to be able to grab the whole of Pakistan by the throat. Now, after an eternity of repression (even the clocks ran slowly under the pressure of Zia's thumb), that sad, strangulated nation may, for a few moments, breathe a little more freely.

Deferential, unassuming, humbly religious Zia, the plain soldier's plain soldier; it was easy for a man as brilliant, patrician and autocratic as Zulfikar Ali Bhutto—no stranger to despotism himself—to see such a fellow as a useful, controllable fool, a corked and bottled genie with a comical Groucho mustache. Zia became Bhutto's chief of staff in 1976 largely because Bhutto felt he had him safely in his pocket. But Pakistani generals have a way of leaping out of such pockets and sealing up their former masters instead. The protégé deposed the patron in July 1977 and became his executioner two years later, initiating a blood feud with the Bhutto dynasty that could probably only have ended with his death. One of the more optimistic aspects of the new situation is that Pakistan's remaining generals have no reason to fear the Bhuttos' revenge if power should return to Pakistan's long-denied democratic forces.

Pakistan under Zia had become a nightmarish, surreal land, in which battlefield armaments meant for the Afghan rebels were traded more or less openly on the country's black markets; in which the citizens of Karachi spoke, with a shrug, of the daily collusion between the police force and large-scale gangs of thieves; in which private armies of heavily armed men defended and serviced one of the world's biggest narcotics industries; in which "elections" took place without the participation of any political parties. That such a situation should be described around the world as "stability" would be funny if it were not vile; that it had been concealed beneath a cloak of religious faith is more terrible still.

It needs to be said repeatedly in the West that Islam is no more monolithically cruel, no more an "evil empire," than Christianity, capitalism or communism. The medieval, misogynistic, stultifying ideology that Zia imposed on Pakistan in his "Islamization" program was the ugliest possible face of the faith, and one by which most Pakistani Moslems were, I believe, disturbed and frightened. To be a believer is not by any means to be a zealot. Islam in the Indo-Pakistani subcontinent has developed historically along moderate lines, with a strong strain of pluralistic Sufi philosophy; Zia was this Islam's enemy. Now that he has gone, much of the Islamization program may quickly follow him. Pakistan neither wants nor needs a legal system that makes the evidence of women worth less than that of men; nor one that bans the showing on Pakistani TV of the women's events from the Seoul Olympic Games.

This is how Pakistan's greatest poet, Faiz Ahmed Faiz, wrote of these matters in his poem "Zalim" ("The Tyrant," translated by Naomi Lazard):

> This is the festival; we will inter hope
> with appropriate mourning. Come, my people,
> We will celebrate the massacre of the multitudes . . .
> Mine is the new religion, the new morality.
> Mine are the new laws, and a new dogma.
> From now on the priests in God's temple
> will touch their lips to the hands of idols . . .
> Every gate of prayer throughout heaven
> is slammed shut today.

Well, the tyrant has had his day, and has gone. How did it happen? The possibility of accidental death can, I think, safely be discounted. Nor am I convinced by suggestions of an internal army coup, or a "hit" from across the Indian frontier. An assassination by members of the Afghan secret service is a real possibility; and there are many other, more speculative options. The truth, if it ever emerges, will no doubt surprise us all.

The death of the U.S. Ambassador, Arnold Raphel, is, of course, a sadness; but his proximity to General Zia demonstrates how much the late President depended on American support. It is Pakistan's tragedy that the United States, in its role as freedom's global policeman, should have chosen to defend freedom in Afghanistan by sacrificing the human, civil and political rights of Zia's subjects.

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What happens now? Seasoned observers of the Pakistani scene will not be throwing too many hats in the air. It seems unlikely that the army will be prepared to relinquish real power while the Afghan situation remains volatile. And although several leading generals died with Zia in the C-130 explosion, two of the toughest are still very much alive: Fazle Haq, for a long time Zia's closest associate, his reputation tarnished by allegations of his involvement with drug traffickers, and Mirza Aslam Beg, perhaps the man most likely to succeed. It's always easiest, when surveying the bleak Pakistani political scene, to foresee the worst. But this time there is another option: a long shot, but worth a mention.

If the U.S. Administration could bring itself to see that General Zia's brand of "stability" has left behind a legacy of profound instability, and if America were to decide to back the democratic forces in Pakistan rather than the military ones, then a new stability centered on that quaint old idea, representative government, might become possible. I am talking, of course, about Benazir Bhutto and the coalition of political parties she leads, and which she must now work hard to preserve. This ought to be Benazir's moment; it remains to be seen whether the obduracy of the Pakistan Army, the fissiparous nature of the coalition (now that its great uniting foe has gone) and the contortions of geopolitics conspire to deprive her of it.

SALMAN RUSHDIE

Salman Rushdie is the author of Shame, *a novel of Pakistan, and the forthcoming novel,* The Satanic Verses *(Viking).* *Copyright © 1988 by Salman Rushdie.*

Hollow Center

Vice President Bush charges that Governor Dukakis is a liberal hiding behind a centrist disguise. If that's true, the disguise is perfect. Almost nothing of the Duke's vaunted Massachusetts liberalism appears behind the mask of moderation that his pollsters and consultants believe must face an electorate weaned on Reaganism and reaction. Bush attacks from an articulated right-wing position; Dukakis makes no countermove to present a coherent progressive vision for the nation he would pretend to lead. When the Vice President questions his militarism, the Governor defends himself with a renewed call for a "conventional warfare" buildup. To Bush's specific indictment that he is a "card-carrying member of the A.C.L.U.," Dukakis offers no defense at all of the civil liberties organization, but rather stresses his lawyerlike obedience to the Constitution, as if procedure and not politics was the issue.

But politics *is* the issue, and Dukakis is suddenly making a very bad business of it. The Republicans spotted the great, glaring fatuous remark in Dukakis's acceptance speech in Atlanta: that questions of competence, not ideology would decide the election. Until then, the Democrats, with Jesse Jackson's indispensable help, had defined the campaign. It was about class (or economic justice), race, powerlessness, equality and America's new role in a radically transformed world—all "ideological" items on an agenda to which the Republicans could not hope to be relevant. Suddenly it is all about managerial technique, and despite Dukakis's credentials from Harvard's graduate-study mills, his party loses on those playing fields.

Dukakis's appalling postconvention performance—beginning with his cop-out to white racism in Philadelphia, Mississippi—suggests that his retreat from liberalism is now complete. At least, he is so unsure of himself as a liberal, so unconvinced of the legitimacy of the progressive project, so obsessed with winning white, right-wing votes that he has abandoned the ideological arena to Bush's superior forces.

Jackson himself feels betrayed. In a late August meeting, Dukakis staff members again dangled the promise of an airplane and some campaign money if Jackson would agree to stay out of New York, Texas, Louisiana, Virginia, Mississippi, Florida and Michigan (except for Ann Arbor)—all states, by the way, that Jackson either won or did remarkably well in during the primaries. Dukakis fears that Jackson's presence there, however, would drive away white working-class and Jewish voters. But Jackson will not be patronized, and it is doubtful that he will work hard for a candidate who treats him with condescension and contempt.

Dukakis has so far ignored or reneged on most of the points in the Atlanta pact negotiated by the two candidates. Jackson's two nominees for inclusion in the campaign's senior staff—former New Mexico Governor Toney Anaya and former Gary, Indiana, Mayor Richard Hatcher—were rejected by Dukakis: Anaya because of a supposed interest in the Palestinian cause. Although the Democratic campaign in many states is in the hands of local politicians who supported other, white candidates who lost in the primaries, Jackson people were given only three electorally small states—Utah, Alaska and Nevada. Dukakis has made no

NOTE TO OUR READERS

With this issue we resume our weekly publishing schedule. You will note, however, that the cover date is September 19 instead of September 10. You have not missed an issue; rather, we have adopted a new system under which issues will be dated another nine days forward. The reason is that *The Nation* has a new distributor, which has the capability of increasing our newsstand sales, now only about 3 percent of our total circulation. The distributor advised us that the later cover date would more accurately coincide with the period when the magazine is on sale.

This change will have no effect on the number of copies subscribers will receive, and our production schedule remains unchanged. Historians, researchers, journalists, librarians and others wishing to know the "real time" of each issue will find the day it went to press noted at the end of the masthead.

We are pleased to have this opportunity to expand the community of *Nation* readers. If you don't see *The Nation* at your local newsstand or bookstore, please send a card with the name of the store to Jay Pearsall at *The Nation*.

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money available for a voter registration drive, deferring to entrenched local Democrats who fear an infusion of "new voters" in their bailiwicks. It's now clear that the Dukakis strategy is to concentrate on the pool of voters available at the beginning of the campaign, with its built-in conservative bias, rather than to expand the electorate with progressive bulk. In his speech to civil rights marchers in Washington on August 27, Dukakis failed to promote most of the policies that Jackson "won" in the Atlanta pact, including statehood for the District of Columbia and same-day, on-site voter registration.

Dukakis is rapidly alienating most of the liberal and progressive constituencies that either gave him the nomination or ratified his candidacy in Atlanta. Labor activists resent his refusal to appear before rank-and-file conventions, peace workers worry about the "conventional arms" nonsense and feminists are concerned about his apparent retreat from support of the Congressional Democrats' "A-B-C" child care bill. Dukakis seems paralyzed in dead center. He has enervated his supporters and demobilized an army of workers who, whether he likes it or not, are driven by the very ideological ideals he denies. ANDREW KOPKIND

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CALVIN TRILLIN

I've been working my own angle on the Dan Quayle story. I realized almost from the start that the question the Bush campaign's interrogators ought to have asked Quayle was not who helped him avoid the war or how he got into law school or if he padded his résumé or whether he thinks that a C average ought to be a requirement for the vice presidency. They should have asked him what "Dan" was short for. Then they might have discovered that a political party with a serious need to blunt the privilege issue was considering for vice president someone named J. Danforth Quayle—the name of the rich and pompous banker in old Donald Duck comics.

That's my angle. I don't have every single fact nailed down yet, of course. My sources haven't actually produced a Donald Duck comic book that includes a character named J. Danforth Quayle—or J. Danforth Quail, as the Walt Disney folks would have spelled it—but they say that they remember exactly what the character looked like. He was a puffed-up sort of bird, with tufts that looked like dollar bills sticking out of his plumage here and there.

He carried a walking stick that he waved threateningly in the direction of Huey, Dewey and Louie—Donald Duck's mischievous nephews—any time they played some dreadful prank on him. Huey, Dewey and Louie sometimes called him Old Moneybags. In fact, he was often pictured carrying a bag of money, the way other people might carry a briefcase—but that wasn't his real name. His real name was J. Danforth Quail.

What will it prove when we get the facts all nailed down? I would say that it will be one more piece of evidence supporting the theory that this candidate could have been invented by the Democrats. I'm not arguing that he literally was invented by the Democrats. I always resist the temptation to believe that bizarre political developments came about through conspiracies or complicated manipulations; ordinarily, I agree with the Canadian political observer who once said that in analyzing politics what you have to remember is that there's usually less than meets the eye. On the other hand, how are we to explain J. Danforth Quayle?

Just for the sake of argument, try to imagine a bunch of Democratic campaign workers sitting around some smoke-filled motel room somewhere, gnawing on cold pizza and throwing out ideas about someone to run with George Bush:

"It should be someone who's young and grateful to be chosen and has the reputation of being a lightweight—to give the impression that Bush doesn't have the confidence to have a strong character on the ticket."

"And money. Don't forget he's got to have a bunch of money."

"Inherited money, of course. This is a guy who's never worked hard on anything except his putting."

"Spoiled. He's got to be spoiled."

"Not just be spoiled—look spoiled. He's got to have one of those rich-kid faces that make you think the blood ran out about three generations ago."

"What'll we call him? It's got to be better than Pierre du Pont IV. I don't think anybody ever believed that guy's name was really Pierre du Pont IV."

"How about J. Danforth Quayle?"

"Perfect. Almost too much, but perfect."

"Wait a minute. I think J. Danforth Quayle was the name of the rich, pompous banker in old Donald Duck comic books."

"Let's check with Research."

"Research is busy trying to find some proof that our guy ever mentioned being Greek before 1987."

"So what if it was the name for the banker in Donald Duck comics? That'll just reinforce the privilege theme, and when people find out, the guy won't be able to go anywhere without being quacked at."

Even if the Democrats could have invented J. Danforth Quayle, though, how would they manage to persuade the Republicans to put him on the ticket? It simply couldn't have happened that way. Am I suggesting that the Democrats had an agent in place on Bush's staff? Preposterous. Am I suggesting that Dan Quayle himself is a Democratic agent in place? That's preposterous too, although I have to say that none of the stories about him seem to have much to say about that period in his childhood when he disappeared to Arizona for a dozen years and then somebody calling himself Dan Quayle suddenly turned up in the right Indiana high school with a first-rate golf swing but not a whole lot upstairs.

I'm not accusing anybody of anything. As far as I know, nobody's guilty of anything, except maybe Huey, Dewey and Louie—and I think they're sitting this election out. All I'm doing is working my own angle on the Dan Quayle story.

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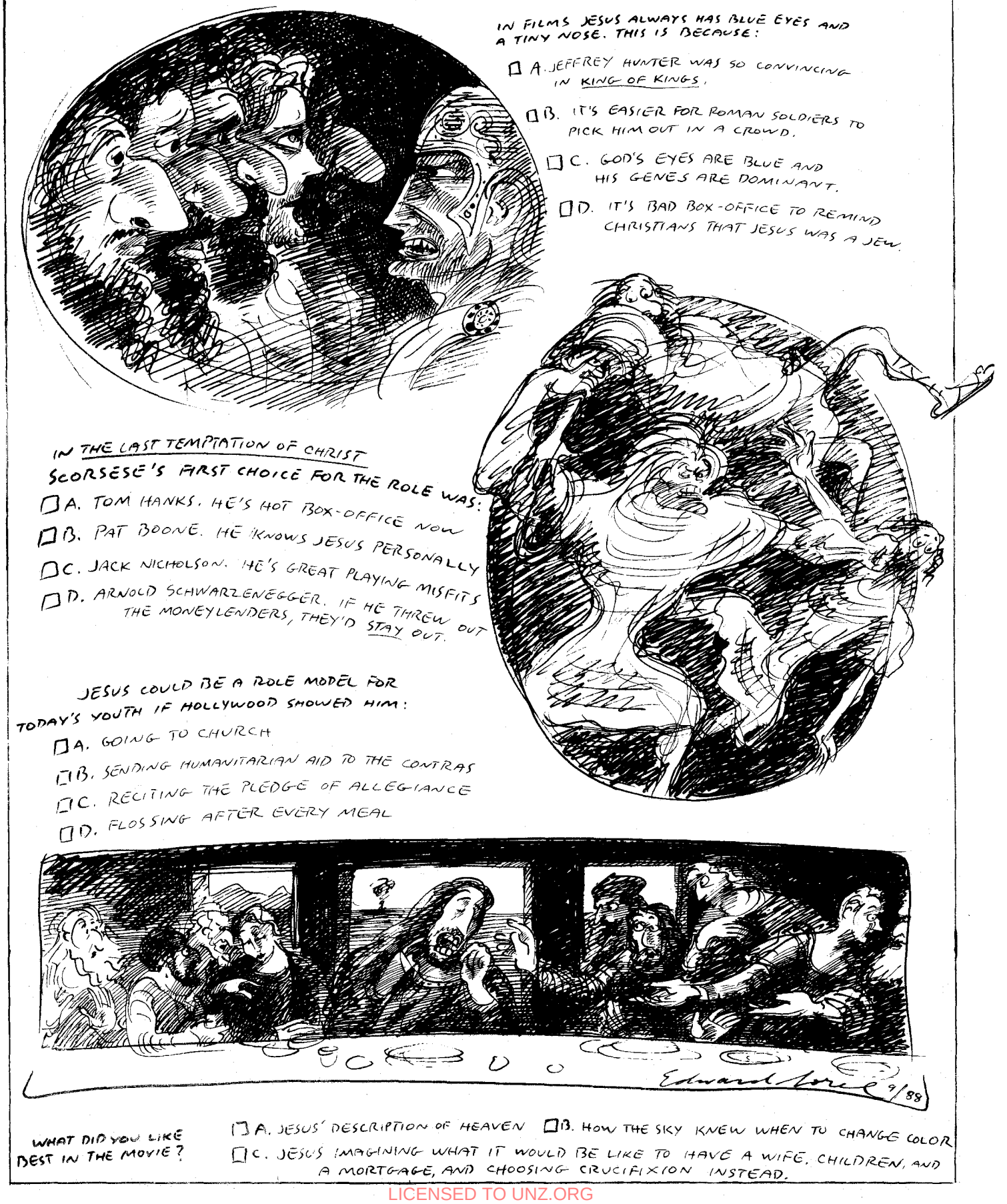
Jesus in Hollywood

EDWARD SOREL


IN FILMS JESUS ALWAYS HAS BLUE EYES AND A TINY NOSE. THIS IS BECAUSE:
☐ A. JEFFREY HUNTER WAS SO CONVINCING IN KING OF KINGS.
☐ B. IT'S EASIER FOR ROMAN SOLDIERS TO PICK HIM OUT IN A CROWD.
☐ C. GOD'S EYES ARE BLUE AND HIS GENES ARE DOMINANT.
☐ D. IT'S BAD BOX-OFFICE TO REMIND CHRISTIANS THAT JESUS WAS A JEW.
IN THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST SCORSESE'S FIRST CHOICE FOR THE ROLE WAS:
☐ A. TOM HANKS. HE'S HOT BOX-OFFICE NOW
☐ B. PAT BOONE. HE KNOWS JESUS PERSONALLY
☐ C. JACK NICHOLSON. HE'S GREAT PLAYING MISFITS
☐ D. ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER. IF HE THREW OUT THE MONEYLENDERS, THEY'D STAY OUT.
JESUS COULD BE A ROLE MODEL FOR TODAY'S YOUTH IF HOLLYWOOD SHOWED HIM:
☐ A. GOING TO CHURCH
☐ B. SENDING HUMANITARIAN AID TO THE CONTRAS
☐ C. RECITING THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE
☐ D. FLOSSING AFTER EVERY MEAL
Edward Sorel 9/88
WHAT DID YOU LIKE BEST IN THE MOVIE?
☐ A. JESUS' DESCRIPTION OF HEAVEN ☐ B. HOW THE SKY KNEW WHEN TO CHANGE COLOR
☐ C. JESUS IMAGINING WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO HAVE A WIFE, CHILDREN, AND A MORTGAGE, AND CHOOSING CRUCIFIXION INSTEAD.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

The resuscitation of *The Manchurian Candidate* has the odor of a madeleine gone slightly rotten: quasi-nostalgic sensory tremors from a time when paranoia was deliciously simple. I watched it for my favorite moment, which is when the McCarthyite bum, Senator John Iselin, asks his evil wife plaintively if she can't give him a definite figure for the number of Communists in the Defense Department. At first she is all impatience at his missing the point. Because he gives a different number each time, the fool press is not asking, "Are there Communists in the Defense Department?"; rather, it is demanding to know, "How *many* Communists are there?" But seeing the hapless boob's distress, and watching him squeeze Heinz ketchup all over his breakfast, she takes pity on him. In the next scene, we see reporters rushing for telephones as Iselin claims to know of "fifty-seven" card-carrying subversives in the Pentagon.

The age of Reagan has made such fabrication and manipulation seem like an echo of the pastoral. Iselin's antagonist, the honest Senator Tom Jordan, invites sympathy when he claims to be a mere supporter of the American Civil Liberties Union, not a Moscow-line dupe. John Frankenheimer and George Axelrod did not anticipate George Bush when they produced a screenplay that treated A.C.L.U.-baiting as a laughable thing of the past, but *The Manchurian Candidate* is bang up to date in one respect. The whole stress is on the strategic importance of the vice presidency to those who wish democracy ill. It is by getting Iselin that slot that the forces of darkness hope to encompass their fell purposes.

My allusion here is not to veep candidate Quayle, the most appropriate bearer yet of the acronym LOMBARD (Lots of Money but a Real Dickhead). It is to Vice President Bush, chief beneficiary of the Reagan junta and head of Gerald Ford's C.I.A. Before he moves an inch nearer the throne, he must be asked on the record what he knows about the 1980 "October surprise."

In "Minority Report" for June 20, July 4/11, August 1/8, October 24 and November 21 of 1987, I gave evidence for believing that the Reagan-Bush campaign of 1980 made a covert agreement with Ayatollah Khomeini's regime. The essence of that agreement was that if Iran did not release the fifty-two U.S. diplomatic hostages until President Carter had been defeated, a grateful Reagan Administration would supply arms to Teheran. The pathetic Tower commission and the lame Iran/*contra* Congressional investigation voluntarily restricted their inquiries to the period *after* the diversion of Iranian funds to the *contras*, and so never even asked why arms were being sent to Iran in 1981, when there were no American hostages in Iran or in Beirut.

Over the past few weeks fresh disclosures and developments have raised this question anew. Here they are, in no special order of importance:

§ In papers submitted to the Federal District Court in Manhattan early last month, an attorney for a defendant accused of conspiring to sell weapons to Iran "affirms under the penalty of perjury" that his client was in regular contact with William Casey while the latter was director of the C.I.A. The defendant, William Northrop, partner of the late Cyrus Hashemi, says that he and Casey "maintained a running dialogue over the telephone from about 1981 to 1986." The defense seeks to bring in Casey's logs despite the fact that "they are potentially embarrassing to another country."

§ On June 15 on *The Larry King Show*, former President Carter said, "There were reports made to me before the election that this was going on—that the hostages would not be released and that weapons sales would be restored to Iran, either directly or through the Israelis." On July 8, interviewed by Sondra Gair of WBEZ in Chicago, Carter described the timing of the hostage release as "odd." As he put it, "The last three days I was in the White House we'd negotiated every detail of the release of the hostages. And when I left the White House on the way to the inaugural stands, where I would go out of office and Reagan would be sworn in, all the hostages were in an airplane at the airport ready to take off. I had been notified that they would leave at about 10 o'clock that morning. But for some reason the Iranians held the plane until 12 noon exactly, and then the hostages took off. While we were still on the inaugural stand I was notified that the hostages had indeed departed." This is Carter's first public statement on the oddness of the timing, though I have a written comment from him, to a mutual contact, in which he says that the "October surprise" collusion had been suggested to him by knowledgeable sources when he was President.

§ In a long interview with Morgan Strong in the September *Playboy*, Yasir Arafat refers his questioner to Bassam Abu Sharif, chief spokesman of the P.L.O., for clarification on certain points. Bassam Abu Sharif, one of the more authoritative Palestinians, states emphatically that during the 1980 election the P.L.O. was contacted by a senior Reaganite. "He said he wanted the P.L.O. to use its influence to delay the release of the American hostages from the embassy in Tehran until after the election. . . . We have the proof if it is denied."

§ During an interview with the Other Americas Radio, Barbara Honegger, who worked on the Reagan-Bush 1980 campaign and later in the White House, alleged that George Bush was himself present at a meeting with Iranian emissaries in Paris in late October 1980. Bush's campaign diary records no public appearances between October 21 and 27 that year, and his staff has so far failed to account for his movements in that week. "Where was George?" indeed.

The above may seem random and conjectural. But bear in mind that former national security advisers Richard Allen and Robert McFarlane have already admitted to meeting with Iranian officials in October 1980; that former President Abolhassan Bani-Sadr of Iran has already expressed the conviction that there was a deal that benefited Reagan and Khomeini at the expense of himself and Carter. When are these and other questions, about "the Iranian candidate," going to be asked?

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ARTICLES.

BEHIND THE OLYMPICS FACADE

Labor Resurgence In South Korea

BERNARD STEPHENS

All is not peaceful in the Land of the Morning Calm as it awaits the Seoul Olympics. While attention has been focused on student demonstrations and moves to lessen tensions with the North, a threat has arisen to the dominance of South Korea's business conglomerates and their political allies in the Roh Tae Woo administration. Organized labor, beaten into company-union impotence by nearly thirty years of military dictatorship, has emerged with the first few whiffs of democracy as a potent force in the nation.

The resurgent labor movement has proved that it can take on the powerful conglomerates (known as *chaebol*) and bring production to a halt despite the bribery of union officials, tear-gassing, the arrest and beating of workers and even the bizarre kidnapping of a union organizer by the biggest of the industrial giants, Hyundai. In less than a year 300,000 workers have joined unions and formed more than 1,000 new local unions, while conducting successful strikes that have brought wage increases of 15 to 20 percent. Union membership is now more than 1.3 million and growing fast.

The labor turmoil directly challenges Roh's constant calls for "stability" and "moderation" so that Korea's economic boom can continue unabated. In the current Korean lexicon, "stability" means that dissidents demanding greater democracy should be quiescent, and "moderation" that labor should accept the gracious offers of the *chaebol* and refrain from sitting in, slowing down and walking out. The power of the *chaebol* is all-encompassing. Together, such giants as Samsung, Hyundai, Daewoo, Goldstar and Ssangyong control production in electronics, appliances, autos, shipbuilding, mining, fisheries, food, hotels, finance, insurance, military hardware, soda pop, candy bars and even the professional baseball teams—which represent corporations rather than cities. They are the heart of an industrial empire described by William Overholt, a Bankers Trust economist in Hong Kong, as "the most efficient economic machine the world has ever seen." It is also one of the most lucrative, racking up volume and profit gains at unprecedented rates (30.2 percent more profits last year than in 1986, and on course for another record year in 1988).

But the reams of statistics proclaiming the nation's economic growth have concealed the realities of pay and working conditions for Korean labor. Prosperity is confined to a handful of millionaire industrialists and a middle class that feeds off *chaebol* leavings, while workers have endured the longest hours and some of the lowest wages of any industrial work force in the world. The basic work week is six days, forty-eight hours. Overtime brings average hours in manufacturing to 54.7, compared with the United States, 40.7; West Germany, 41; Japan, 41.5; Hong Kong, 44.8; and Singapore, 48.6. Wage levels are equally oppressive. In heavy manufacturing, pay averages $450 a month, including bonuses and family allowances; this is a mean hourly pay of $1.90 and explains why a Hyundai auto can sell for under $6,000 in the United States.

Women work even longer hours than men (an average 55.2 compared to 54.5) and for far less pay. Workers on the electronics assembly lines, mainly women in their teens, earn $250 a month—a fifth of what their counterparts make in Japan. Garment industry sweatshops are notorious, paying the minimum wage of $150 a month for unskilled work and $158 for semiskilled. A fire at the Greenhill Textile Company in Anyang in March briefly focused attention on the conditions under which many women work. Twenty of twenty-eight young women died and three others were seriously injured while sleeping in makeshift dorms in the factory. The fire started in bolts of cloth piled on the stairway. There was no fire exit as required by law. The employer had been cited twice, once for illegal operation in a residential neighborhood and again for unauthorized use of a factory as a dormitory; but payoffs to avoid compliance are common. Labor leaders note that no politician—opposition or ruling party—has spoken up to condemn the tragedy or demanded that the laws be enforced to avoid a recurrence.

Strikes and other labor actions have increased fivefold this past year, affecting more than 900 plants in the auto industry, shipbuilding, heavy machinery, electronics and leather, and also involving bank workers, taxi drivers and coal miners. Workers have often defied their own leaders (holdovers from the company-union days of former President Chun Doo Hwan) as well as management.

A strike victory that reverberated through the ranks of labor and the boardrooms of management was announced April 21. The Daewoo Shipbuilding Company, plagued by unfilled orders and threats by buyers to go elsewhere, ended a twenty-one-day strike with raises of 19.1 percent—close to the demands that unions were making at plants around the country and well above the level that managements had said they could accept. Significant was the fact that an apparent settlement had been reached a week earlier for a 14 percent increase, but the workers voted it down and the union leaders who negotiated it resigned. Later, a second major union of the Daewoo Group—at the Daewoo Motor Company—ended a forty-day dispute with an increase of approximately 20 percent. Other large units of the *chaebol* have been compelled to settle after costly strikes or slowdowns that disrupted production schedules and left South Korean industry at a disadvantage vis-à-vis its chief competitors, the three other "Asian Tigers"—Hong Kong, Taiwan and

Bernard Stephens is a longtime labor editor. He recently returned from a four-month stay in South Korea.

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Singapore. All five auto makers (Hyundai, Kia, Daewoo, Ssangyong and Asia) were hard-hit by strikes and slowdowns. The Ministry of Trade and Industry estimated losses for the industry in the second quarter of 1988 of 85,000 autos and trucks, or $1.4 billion. For all manufacturing, losses totaled $2.9 billion.

Roh's new Labor Ministry hastened into the breach, announcing new rules intended to punish striking union members. In the event of strikes hampering industrial output, the ministry would step in with a binding settlement, and union members who continued to strike would risk being jailed.

The South Korean press, notorious for its subservience to the *chaebol*, has also lent a helping hand with a virtual news blackout on strikes and settlements. One case that did make the papers was an escapade in which the Hyundai Engineering and Construction Company succeeded in bribing nine of ten union staff members to quit their organizing efforts and resorted to abducting the tenth, Soh Chong-ui, when he refused to cooperate. Company officials plied him with liquor and then held him captive for five days until the plot fell apart and the police stepped in. Two lesser company officials were charged only with violating the labor law, and the Hyundai chair, Lee Myung Bak, was not charged at all, despite the prosecutor's statement that he was suspected of knowing details of the bribery and kidnapping plan.

This follows a well-established pattern of corporate immunity. Corruption has long been rife among members of the Chun family, political elites and business executives. The former mayor of Seoul, Yum Bo Hyun, was arrested for taking $150,000 from the Hanyang Company in return for illegally awarding it profitable construction contracts. Hanyang chair Bae Jong Ryul, who proffered the bribe, was booked by the police and then released without charge. The English-language *Korea Times* explained: "A senior prosecutor said they decided not to arrest Bae for the sake of international responsibilities of the company which is carrying out overseas construction work worth several hundred million dollars."

Roh is a minority president: He received a 36.9 percent vote in the presidential election, while his party carried only 33.9 percent in the April National Assembly vote. And after the Olympics he will face another test in the form of a promised plebiscite. Conscious of his weakness, Roh has talked about a package of reforms—revising the iniquitous tax system, stabilizing prices, granting tax benefits to families living with elderly parents, allowing a more open presidency and rooting out corruption in government.

This has provoked widespread skepticism among Koreans: Roh has already reneged on earlier promises to free political prisoners (less than 25 percent have been released) and to allow free speech and other democratic rights (it is still a crime in South Korea to own a shortwave radio and tune in to North Korea). And the country is still waiting for him to permit local elections for mayors, governors and city councils. Most are now appointed by the central government.

Roh has tried to temper his well-known kinship with the *chaebol* by urging management to "take bold steps to recycle

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earned profits to workers and treat them with a truly human touch." But his actions have been quite different. The use of tear gas against both workers and student demonstrators is so virulent that residents of communities near plants and universities where the tear gas is used are complaining that their apartments are becoming uninhabitable. In April at the Oriental Precision Company in Songnam, south of Seoul, many strikers were injured, several requiring hospitalization, after a tear gas attack.

From a university building window in Kangneung, I watched as students demanding a safe road to the campus were bombarded with more than one hundred tear gas canisters. Dozens of students fell to the ground choking and three were taken to the hospital with gashes from direct hits.

An unreported factor in the recent wave of student unrest is the economy. Like the workers, the students have not shared in South Korea's "economic miracle," and they face a grim future upon graduation. Few college graduates can obtain any jobs, let alone positions in the field for which they trained. High-school graduates face even fewer job opportunities.

Neither students nor labor show much faith in the opposition parties that together achieved a majority in the National Assembly. None of the three Kims (Dae Jung of the Party for Peace and Democracy, Young Sam of the Reunification Democratic Party and Jong Pil of the New Democratic Republican Party) have expressed support for labor in the current wage struggles, although Kim Dae Jung and Kim Young Sam both scored heavily in Seoul and Pusan, South Korea's two largest cities.

Kim Dae Jung, a politician reborn following the April National Assembly elections, is once again casting an eye on the presidency, moving determinedly to shed his image as the farthest left of the opposition leaders. Avoiding confrontation, he has adopted the banner of "reforms with stability" in an attempt to attract a middle-class constituency. In a column paraphrasing Kim's own views, the political editor of the *Korea Times* wrote that the Party for Peace and Democracy "should seek to expand its representation of economically-lower classes," but with this proviso: "The party has to be cautious not to emphasize a progressive color that will hurt its newly-pursued image."

Labor is prohibited from involvement in political action under a law adopted during the Chun regime. But this generation of Korean workers is not obeying that law, and Roh is not enforcing it. Labor took its first hesitant political steps in the National Assembly elections, winning seats for the deputy director of the National Union of Coal Miners, Yu Sung Gyu, and for several other labor activists. Yu, who defeated two well-financed opponents in Taebaek in the northeast province of Kangwon, where coal miners are battling for wage increases, declared his election "a victory for coal miners."

Labor is determined to build on this beginning. The Federation of Korean Trade Unions has vowed to step up political action "because workers' rights are directly affected by legislation."

A heartening development for labor and all of Korea is

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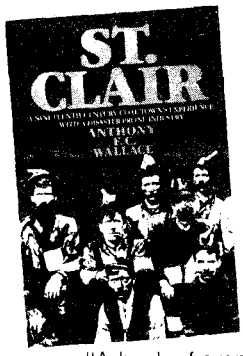

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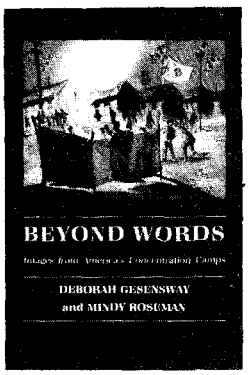

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the involvement of younger workers as activists and leaders. An April survey of labor unrest and strikes by the Korean Chamber of Commerce revealed that 70 percent of the disputes this year were initiated by younger workers—those with less than three years' seniority. □

IMMIGRATION REFORM BACKFIRES

No Rights for Migrant Workers

HECTOR TOBAR

When Senator Alan Simpson introduced his immigration reform bill on March 17, 1982, he called it a solution to "one of the greatest threats to the future of this country." The threat, according to Simpson, was "uncontrolled immigration," the illegal entry of hundreds of thousands of Third World people into this country each year. Citing immigrant fertility rates and expressing his fear of "cultural separatism," Simpson described the alien population as a demographic time bomb that threatens to harm "American values, traditions, institutions and . . . our way of life."

Four years and several revisions later, Simpson's bill became law, the Immigration Reform and Control Act of 1986 (IRCA). In the past year more than 1.8 million applied for amnesty through the law's legalization program, which ended in May and which had granted temporary resident status to undocumented immigrants who could prove continuous residency in the United States since 1981. A punitive and less-publicized element of the law went into effect shortly after the amnesty application period came to a close. This June, agents of the Immigration and Naturalization Service began enforcing legal sanctions designed to discourage employers from hiring undocumented workers. The penalties are stiff: Employers can be fined $250 per worker on the first offense and up to $10,000 per worker afterward. "The honeymoon is over," announced Harold Ezell, western regional commissioner of the I.N.S., as the first fines were levied against three Southern California employers. "We intend to show that this law is not a paper tiger."

But despite this new "get-tough" rhetoric, it is becoming clear that far from discouraging employers from hiring illegal immigrant workers, the law may have actually created incentives to hire them. Many immigration attorneys charge that IRCA has stripped most undocumented workers of their rights, in turn creating a new class of immigrants so desperate for work that they will accept increasingly substandard wages and working conditions.

"The new law has been turned into a weapon by unscrupulous employers as a means to withhold paychecks, to deny vacations, to defend against discrimination charges and to refuse to pay the minimum wage and overtime salaries," says José Medina, an attorney at the Instituto Laboral de la Raza, a Latino labor-rights group in San Francisco that handled about fifty cases of immigration-related employment discrimination this year.

Some of the workers in those cases went to the institute after being verbally harassed or physically abused by employers who apparently do not fear retribution because the workers are undocumented, according to Medina. Apparently, both employers and workers recognize that immigrants without papers are in a more vulnerable position than before. Many workers "have gotten the message that they're not entitled to work in this country," Medina says. "Because of that, they believe they don't have any employment rights."

Undocumented workers may, in fact, have even fewer legal rights if a recent Federal court decision is allowed to stand. In May 1987, a court in Alabama ruled that undocumented workers are no longer covered by labor protection laws. In *Patel v. Sumani Corp.*, the case of an East Indian motel worker who sought to recover unpaid wages, the court ruled that an undocumented employee is not an "individual" under the Fair Labor Standards Act and is thus not subject to its protections. The court argued that earlier Federal and Supreme Court decisions protecting the rights of undocumented workers were no longer valid: In passing the Immigration Reform and Control Act, the judge contended, Congress had shown it intended that the undocumented should not have the right to work.

Although *Patel* was overturned by a U.S. Court of Appeals in June, it may be appealed as far as the Supreme Court. The lower-court ruling has already been used as a defense by an employer charged with sex discrimination. Alicia Castrejon, a worker at a tortilla packing plant in central California, filed a complaint with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission when her employer refused to reinstate her after she took a pregnancy leave. Castrejon's employer argued that because she was undocumented, she was not covered by civil rights laws protecting workers from discrimination. The case will be heard next April.

Bill Tamayo, an Oakland, California, attorney with the Asian Law Caucus, says that *Patel* "flies in the face of Congressional intent. In the legislative history of IRCA, the House Education and Labor Committee stressed that the bill was not intended to alter any of the existing labor laws." Even though the *Patel* decision was overturned, Tamayo says, IRCA's employer sanctions still threaten the rights of undocumented workers who fall under the "grandfather" clause of the immigration law. Those who held their jobs before November 6, 1986, are not required to present papers to their current employers, but, in a Catch-22 irony, they cannot legally work for anyone else. At present, perhaps millions of grandfathered workers are trapped in their current jobs, a captive labor force vulnerable to exploitation by employers.

Hector Tobar is an associate of the Center for Investigative Reporting and the former editor of El Tecolote, *a bilingual monthly in San Francisco. He is the son of Guatemalan immigrants.*

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"It would certainly be more just to move the legislation cutoff date from 1982 to November 6, 1986," concludes Tamayo. "But no one in Congress wants to revisit the immigration law this year. Congress has not been the most favorable arena to defend civil rights, particularly those of nonwhite people who can't vote."

Tamayo argues that the law also has made it more lucrative for employers to hire the undocumented, since the economic gains of hiring workers no longer protected by the law far outweigh any possible penalties. "It seems that if you deny them labor rights, then you actually tell employers to go ahead and hire the undocumented. You're encouraged to hire them because you don't have to pay the minimum wage and you can deny them all kinds of benefits."

Some Latino organizations caution that the law has already created an anti-immigrant backlash, one in which even the rights of immigrants with work permits are frequently denied. The Mexican American Legal Defense and Education Fund (MALDEF), the Asian Law Caucus and the Instituto Laboral de la Raza all have discovered cases in which those authorized by the I.N.S. to work have been fired or denied jobs by employers worried about complying with the law. "Someone may be fired just because the employer may not want to run the risk," says José Medina of the institute. "They use their own criteria to decide who's eligible to work and who isn't. Sometimes it's the color of the person's skin, or if they have an accent when they speak English."

Some Latino citizens have also suffered from this backlash, according to Beto Juarez, an attorney with MALDEF in Los Angeles. "We've had quite a few complaints from Puerto Rican employees in the Midwest, where employers were presented with valid documents and rejected them," he says. "These employers apparently don't realize that Puerto Ricans are U.S. citizens." Juarez says another common complaint is that employers ask only Latino workers for proof of citizenship, "which is obviously discriminatory."

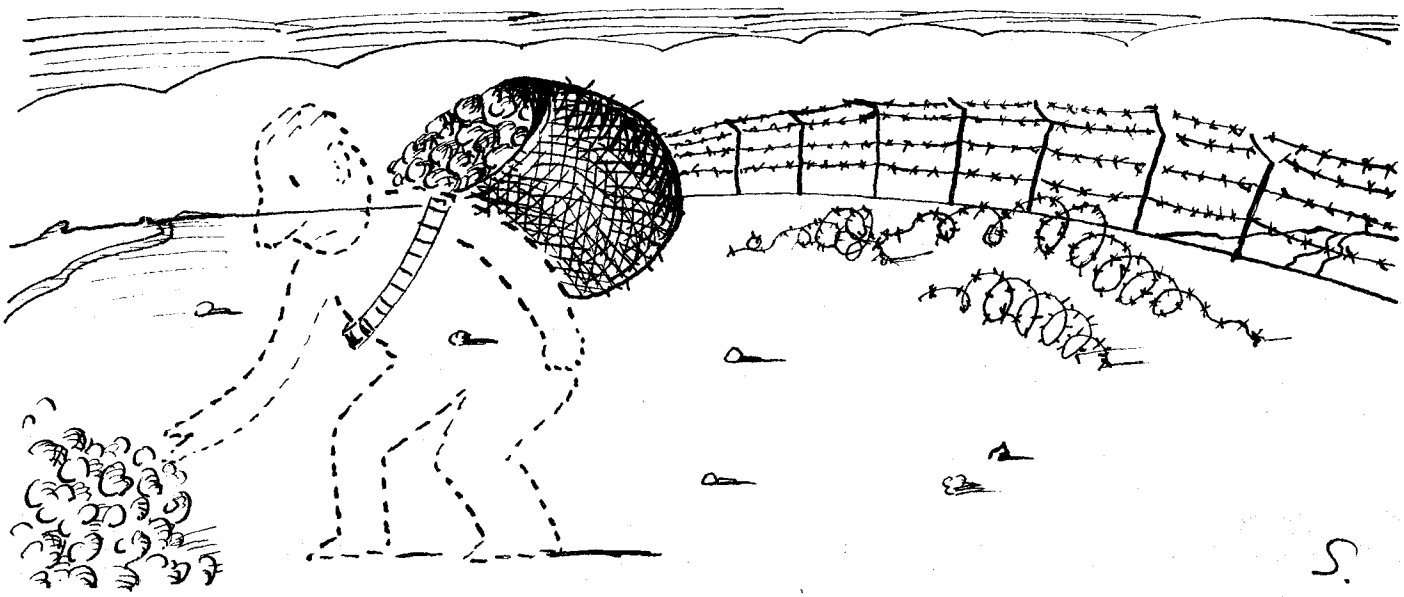
By August of this year, 201 charges of discrimination against immigrants with work permits had been filed with the Office of Immigration-Related Unfair Employment Practices, a new entity within the Department of Justice created by IRCA to prevent misapplication of the law. According to a Justice Department spokesman, many of the complaints are concentrated in the hotel and airline industries. The office recently reached an agreement with Pan American World Airways in which the airline agreed to pay back-wages to a woman who had been denied employment because she had only temporary, not permanent, work authorization.

The protections of the new Justice Department office, however, apply only to immigrants with work permits. Grandfathered employees are not covered by its provisions, nor are the estimated 1 million to 6 million workers who did not apply for amnesty and remain undocumented. Moreover, the law does not cover the thousands of immigrants who continue to cross the border each month.

It is among this recently arrived population of immigrants that the long arm of the immigration law is being most keenly felt. Economic and political refugees escaping rural poverty in Mexico or counterinsurgency warfare in El Salvador and Guatemala report that they have found it increasingly difficult to find work. According to social service agencies and advocates who work with immigrants and refugees, these newcomers are swelling the ranks of the nation's hungry and homeless.

Several thousand Central American refugees live, at least temporarily, in the impoverished Rio Grande Valley of southern Texas. "The standard of living of recent arrivals is microscopic to begin with," says Jonathan Moore, a legal assistant with Proyecto Libertad, a refugee legal aid group in Harlingen, Texas. Now, he says, "people are even more hard up. Central American refugees in the valley sleep in the streets or in the orchards."

In the San Francisco Bay area, where the population of undocumented Salvadorans is estimated to be about 70,000, Catholic Charities has noted a doubling of requests for food and shelter from Central American refugees since July 1987. The organization's immigration project director, Patrice



DRAWINGS BY J-C SUARÈS

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Perille, links this increase directly to IRCA. Refugee families that survived in the past by pooling the salaries of three or four members of the extended family, she explains, may now find that only one or perhaps no family member is able to find work. "Why are there more homeless and hungry people in the Latino community?" Perille asks. "It's because employer sanctions are having an impact on the safety net that has kept the extended Latino family alive for so long."

However, some undocumented workers still find a ready welcome from employers. In May, the *Los Angeles Times* reported that although many Southern California employers were complying with the letter of the law, a large number were continuing to hire undocumented workers. Says one businessman quoted in the *Times*: "We have all been hooked on cheap labor, like a drug." Circumventing the law is possible because employers are not required to check the authenticity of the documents presented to them by their workers and fraudulent documents are readily available.

Meanwhile, the new law has helped increase the number of agents and weapons the I.N.S. has at its disposal. The service's 1988 budget for enforcement activities—which include the Border Patrol, investigations, and detention and deportation—will total $519 million, according to I.N.S. spokesman Duke Austin. The I.N.S. is increasing the number of its immigration inspectors from 850 to 1,700, and the Border Patrol is adding 1,100 officers, bringing its total force to 4,300 officers by the end of the year.

Despite this stepped-up enforcement capability, many immigrants are resisting the new law with creative survival strategies. At the Refugio de Rio Grande, a shelter for 120 Central American immigrants just outside Harlingen, refugees have organized agricultural production communities to provide food for the shelter and keep employed without violating the provisions of the new immigration law. The Refugio already grows corn, zucchini and other vegetables on forty acres of land, and there are plans to expand into the raising of pigs, chickens and rabbits. "People are self-employed under the umbrella of a cooperative, which makes it completely legal," says Refugio attorney Lisa Brodyaga.

Some leading church groups have gone a step further and taken a position of open defiance. The Intercommunity Center for Justice and Peace, a coalition of more than forty Catholic religious orders in the New York City area, declared its noncompliance with employer sanctions in December 1987. According to Darlene Cuccinello, the coalition saw the decision to flout the sanctions as a natural outgrowth of its Central America solidarity work. "Everyone has a right to work," Cuccinello says. "Our church calls for the dignity of people. If people can't work, we're taking away their dignity. We're creating the possibility for them to be homeless and hungry."

Cuccinello points out that the decision was not an easy one, since organizations that defy the law risk heavy fines and face the possibility of having their nonprofit status revoked. Nevertheless, other organizations have followed suit, including the Long Island Sanctuary Coalition, Proyecto Pastoral of Los Angeles and The Sweater Loft, a wholesale and retail business in New York City.

Nor have IRCA's employer sanctions stopped the efforts of some undocumented workers to organize for their rights. Even employers who hire day laborers on streetcorners are discovering an unexpected solidarity among them. Contractors who cruise by the parking lot of a paint store on San Francisco's Mission Street expect to pay the Latino men gathered there a relatively low wage, perhaps even below the legal minimum. But despite the fact that the workmen come from a wide range of backgrounds—some are exiled trade unionists and student activists, others former policemen and National Guardsmen—they have agreed to reject any wage offer below $5 per hour.

In Los Angeles, the International Ladies Garment Workers Union helped Mexican and Central American immigrant workers organize a nine-month strike and consumer boycott of the Ideal Textile Corporation, a textile converter, which ended last January. Among the leaders was a Salvadoran who openly admitted to the press that he was undocumented. "We often run into workers from El Salvador and Guatemala who are here precisely because of their labor activities in their native countries," says Peter Olney, an organizer for the I.L.G.W.U. who worked with the strikers. "They're a tough and hardy lot. If you stand up and proclaim your political allegiances in El Salvador, the risks are far greater to your personal safety than they are in a country like the U.S. from *la migra*. It's all relative." □

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WRITERS UNION AT 5

Settling in for The Long Haul

ROBERT CLAIBORNE

The National Writers Union recently celebrated its fifth anniversary. There was a good deal to celebrate: Its membership, at 2,600, is up 25 percent since last year and more than double the early 1986 figure. The group has large, vigorous locals in New York City and its "northern extension" Westchester County, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles and the San Francisco Bay area, with smaller ones in New Jersey, North Carolina, the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, and Santa Cruz–Monterey.

The union has also been notably successful in fighting grievances: The New York local alone helped writers collect more than $20,000 owed to them during the first half of 1988, while the five-year national total is well into six figures. Currently pending is a $25,000 case against Scribners; the publishing house bought work from sixteen freelancers through a subcontractor who went bankrupt before paying them. The union insists that until writers get paid, they retain title to their work; a settlement seems likely. Time after time, the N.W.U. has done what many experienced trade unionists would have deemed impossible—won grievances without union contracts.

Actual signed contracts have come harder. Most of the union's present agreements are with small or leftist periodicals, including *The Nation*, *In These Times* and *Mother Jones*. It also has a contract with an important local paper, the *Los Angeles Weekly*, and an agreement with *Ms.*, which is currently being renegotiated.

The N.W.U. has also signed up more than 200 freelance contributors to *The Village Voice* and is pressing management there for union recognition and more money; union leaders describe the progress thus far as very slow. The *Voice* management has made significant concessions on "work rules" but has balked at discussing money or union recognition. In the Reagan years, even established unions have found the going tough; for the N.W.U., a relative fledgling, it's been tougher.

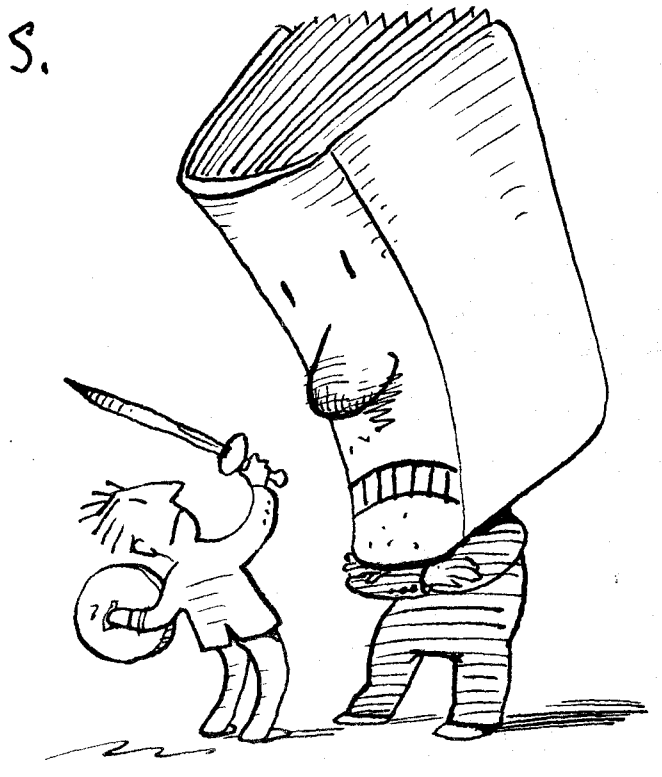
A major focus of this year's Delegate Assembly, held in New York City in June, was on plans for tackling an even bigger target—U.S. book publishers. Local committees of book writers have hammered out a set of basic demands, summed up in the slogan "Fair Pay and Fair Treatment"; specifics include nonreturnable advances, prompter payment of royalties and money for subsidiary rights, more informative royalty statements and compulsory arbitration of contract disputes (few authors can afford to take a publisher to court).

The union has drafted a Writer's Declaration endorsing these demands, and during the next year expects to get several thousand authors, in and out of its ranks, to sign it. It is also gathering information for a national, computerized data bank on publishers' contract practices, which will supply both the union and its individual members with up-to-date facts on just who in the industry is doing what, businesswise, to whom. Once the data bank is operational, the group plans to present annual awards for the best and worst contracts.

Subsequent steps in the book campaign remain to be worked out. One possibility is a drive for collective bargaining with individual publishers to obtain minimum-terms agreements such as have already been won by the Screen Writers Guild and by unions in Britain and West Germany. These set floors in various contractual areas, leaving authors free to bargain for better terms.

The union's gains haven't come easily. The N.W.U. was born at a symposium organized by *The Nation* in late 1981, where an overflow panel on writers' problems shouted demands for "Union Now!" Local organizing began soon thereafter; the national body was formally established in May 1983, when a score of delegates representing some 300 members met in Princeton, New Jersey.

Turning this Gideon's band into an effective organization was another matter. The union faced two major obstacles. First, freelance writers, unlike workers in a shop or office, can't easily communicate with one another. Second, nobody had ever organized U.S. writers, and few of the N.W.U.'s founders had any clear idea of how to go about it. Only a handful had previous union experience; indeed, only a minority had any kind of organizational experience at all, most of



Robert Claiborne, a freelance writer for more than twenty years, was a founding member of the National Writers Union; he is currently co-chair of its National Book Committee.

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it in 1960s groups like Students for a Democratic Society, whose chaotic operational methods are now almost legendary.

Thus, the union's early years were marked by more improvisation than planning, with much reinvention of the wheel. Lines of authority and responsibility were blurred. The result at the local level was frequent turnover in leadership due to burnout, while the national organization relied heavily on the talents of its first president, Andrea Eagan.

Eagan, a nonfiction author and editor, is a dynamic personality and vibrant speaker, and was able to convince audiences that organizing writers was really possible and that she knew how to do it. Her colleagues on the national executive board, and most of the membership, were willing—perhaps too willing—to go along with her exciting ideas without probing how they could be implemented.

Eagan was unquestionably what the union needed in its early years; without her charisma, it might never have gotten off the ground. But as it matured, its local leaders, with two or three years' experience under their belts, became increasingly unwilling to take the national's expertise on faith.

Friction also developed between Eagan and Kim Fellner, a former communications director for the Screen Actors Guild whom the union hired in 1986 as its executive director (with a clerical worker, its entire paid staff). She quickly justified her existence by raising tens of thousands of dollars from other unions to ease the N.W.U.'s perpetual financial crisis, but Eagan became convinced that her own authority was being threatened.

These conflicts came to a boil in mid-1987, with the N.W.U.'s first contested national election. On one side were Eagan and her supporters; on the other, a coalition headed by Alec Dubro, vice president for organizing (the union's number-two job), backed by a majority of local leaders. The campaign was bitter and, to an outsider, somewhat bewildering. Neither side's platform was a model of clarity. But the central issue, though never openly stated, was clear enough: Eagan's style of leadership. The results were equally clear: Dubro won by a margin of more than 2 to 1.

An investigative reporter who has co-written a book on organized crime in Japan, Dubro is almost Eagan's opposite: a less-than-exciting speaker but an excellent listener. Eagan and some of her supporters are still bitter at her overwhelming rejection, but others in her camp have come to recognize that Dubro was what the union needed: a president who operates by consensus, not charisma.

His first year in office has seen the N.W.U.'s chronic, often chaotic improvisation give way to systematic planning and teamwork. The union has finally faced up to the need for mastering the gritty mechanics of organization—often dull, but utterly essential, especially in a group relying almost entirely on volunteers.

Not all the problems have been solved, however. The most serious is money: Until the N.W.U. is considerably bigger, its solvency will continue to depend heavily on outside funds, notably from other unions. These have been forthcoming partly as expressions of general solidarity but also for quite practical reasons: Some unionists believe the N.W.U.'s organizing techniques may prefigure ways of reaching the growing number of "freelance" white-collar workers who operate home computer terminals linked to a central office.

As a long-term solution to its money troubles, the union is considering affiliation with some larger labor body; but its members are still at odds over whether this would unduly compromise its autonomy. A decision is unlikely until someone makes the union a concrete offer.

For all the N.W.U.'s problems, its members are optimistic and full of energy, ready to press forward to even tougher targets. The union has done what even some of its founders doubted was possible: built an organization of freelance writers that has brought its members significant, tangible benefits. Against the odds, it has survived and grown for five years; the next five should be exciting ones. □

Cowboys

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

Meanwhile, back in the twentieth century, this past March the fee for grazing cattle or sheep on Federal lands went up by 14 percent, and environmental activists from the Sierra Club, Earth First! and the Natural Resources Defense Council sent up a small cheer. They have been arguing for years that grazing leases are a dead loss to the government, as well as an unjustified subsidy to a small number of ranchers in the Western United States.

At the old rate of $1.35 per month to graze one cow, or cow-calf pair, the forage on public rangelands brought in nearly $25 million a year. The new rate of $1.54 per "animal unit month" will bring in more, but even then will not come close to covering the approximately $50 million that the Bureau of Land Management and the National Forest Service spend each year to administer grazing on these lands.

You haven't heard much grumbling about the fee increase from the 30,600 ranchers holding Federal grazing leases on some 300 million acres in the West; they know they are getting a bargain. (These ranchers amount to just 7 percent of all livestock producers in the sixteen Western states, and only 2 percent of them nationwide.) Higher fees won't keep cattle and sheep off the land. So that cheer from the environmental activists was only a small cheer, for most environmentalists believe that overgrazing by cattle and sheep is the cause of deteriorating grasslands and watersheds on both private and public land all over the semiarid Western states.

Indeed, for some of them, objecting to overgrazing is only the beginning. The curmudgeonly essayist and novelist Edward Abbey, for instance, complained in 1985 to an audience at the University of Montana, in Missoula, that "everywhere you go in the American West, you will find herds . . . of these ugly, clumsy, shambling, stupid, bawling, bellowing, stinking, fly-covered, smeared, disease-spreading brutes. They are a pest and a plague." Abbey looks forward

Wilbur Wood is a Montana journalist and poet who focuses on human and natural resource issues and sustainable community development.

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to a time when cattle and ranchers are gone, when wild herds and their predators magically return.

The Big Open!

I understand Abbey's frustration. How many backpackers have dropped down from some alpine ridge into a sweet meadow only to find trampled creek banks, maggoty cowpies and an unfriendly bull to stay clear of? How many hunters or campers have been angered by some rancher who seems to believe that a permit to graze livestock is an exclusive title to lands that belong to all citizens? When I left San Francisco and returned to my native central Montana, in 1971, I was fired by radical zeal and, like many environmentalists today, I felt that if we just let nature be, give it a rest from all our depredations—overgrazing, overplowing, overlogging, overmining, overproduction of throwaway junk and poisonous waste—if we'd just sit down and stop, then the earth could begin to sort things out and the biosphere might heal.

I have a somewhat different "take" on this today, seventeen years later. Not that the planetary emergency is any less real. (Holes in the ozone layer, the greenhouse effect—it gets more real every day.) Not that abused rangelands in the West have stopped turning to desert. (They haven't.) But overgrazing is only half the problem. And "letting Nature be" by simply removing domestic grazers from the land, or greatly reducing their numbers, will only make deserts faster.

If I understand the environmentalists' point of view, I also understand the ranchers'. Public subsidies? This cuts both ways. I know ranchers benefiting from Federal grazing leases who see, come a hard winter, a lot of public elk, deer and antelope benefiting from their private hay. And come a dry summer, like this one, animals both wild and domestic drink from ranchers' stockwater tanks. Does this sort of thing help pay back some of the subsidy?

The rancher isn't the bad guy any more than the environmentalist is the good guy. In fact, the best ranchers I know are highly sensitive to the environment. They know they don't raise beef or lamb, they raise grass. If they don't raise grass they won't be around very long. The land, they say, needs people living on it day after day, not just admiring it on weekend outings. Without people who have roots here, they say, control of the land will revert to absentee owners (often corporations programmed for short-term profit, and never mind the cost to the land) and family farms and ranches will continue to die. Which means that small towns will die. And I live in a small town. So I understand when ranchers say that removing cattle and sheep—and ranchers—from the land is a form of genocide.

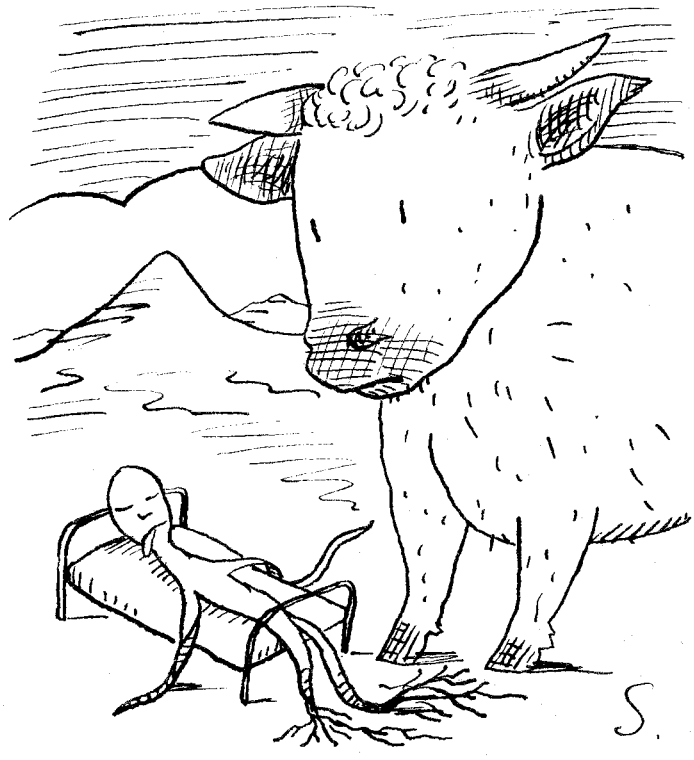
Genocide? "I'd gladly shoot every cow in the land, and any rancher who stands in my way!" Allan Savory admits he said this, twenty-some years ago, in his native Rhodesia, before it became Zimbabwe. Savory was a wildlife biologist then, despairing over land he saw deteriorating as wild free-roaming herds were replaced by cattle and fences. He could have dug himself in and remained buried in the antagonism that wildlife advocates all over the planet feel toward ranchers (and vice versa). But the loss of his government job and the necessity to support his family by going into, of all things, ranching—first game ranching, then livestock ranching and farming—forced Savory to look deeper. He saw that the cow is not the problem; the problem is the way the cow is allowed to graze.

And how is that? Typically, a cow is herded into a large fenced pasture with others of her kind. Unless she lives hard by Montana's Rocky Mountain Front, where grizzlies still venture out and wolf packs are beginning to re-establish themselves, she has no wild predators to worry her into staying within a tight herd for self-protection. The cow roams about, looking for the freshest, tastiest grass plant she can find, disdaining any drier, less appetizing grass plant nearby.

What happens with this standard seasonlong grazing regime in the American West and in other parts of the planet where rainfall during the growing season is uncertain and where organic matter breaks down slowly (environments that Allan Savory terms "brittle"), is a kind of slow disaster. Our cow wanders back after a few weeks to the same grass plant she originally grazed. Traumatized but also invigorated by the original bite—remember, these grasses have evolved for tens, nay, hundreds of thousands of years with periodic severe grazing by vast herds of ungulates—the grass has reached into energy reserves in its roots and sent forth more green.

Now you are the cow. Do you say, Ah, that plant needs more rest; I'll just graze this dry one over here that I missed last time? No, you go again for new green. The result: one overgrazed grass plant. The other, less obvious result: one overrested grass plant—that dry, twice-rejected neighbor.

Under seasonlong grazing, overrest and overgrazing go together. Cattle or sheep impact the ground too much in some areas (they trample stream banks or the ground around wells, for example) and too little in others (no hoofs break through the hard lichen cap that, in brittle en-



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vironments, tends to form on bare soil, keeping rain and snow melt from penetrating; and no hoofs churn dung and urine, old grass stalks and new seeds into the soil, replenishing it).

You may be driving by a pasture and see tall bunch grasses stretching off toward the horizon and say, That land looks good. But if you get out and walk around, you'll likely see tall dry stalks, uneaten, clogging the center of the plant, shutting out sunlight, forcing any new growth to occur, less vigorously, around the edges. You'll see that this dry litter is oxidizing uselessly in the air rather than littering the ground. And you'll see bare ground between these clumps of grass, where, because of the lichen cap, new grasses rarely are able to establish themselves. If any plant does move in, it is likely to be a tap-rooted forb (for example, a so-called noxious weed like leafy spurge, thistle, knapweed or snakeweed) or a shrub like rabbitbrush or sage.

Until Savory came to the United States (after being exiled from Rhodesia during the guerrilla war of the late 1970s for leading the white opposition to Ian Smith's government) and began consulting on ecological matters, no rancher, no environmentalist, no range scientist had the background or the insight to understand overrest. And no one was saying that grasslands over the planet had been turning to deserts for ten thousand years because of overrest as much as because of overgrazing.

Savory is absolutely obsessed with stopping desertification. All over the planet. So obsessed that he stopped doing profitable private consulting in 1984. Until then, he had spent much of his time teaching ranchers the Savory Grazing Method, in which livestock are concentrated by herding, or by low-impact electric fences, into relatively small pastures, where they graze for relatively brief periods, thus giving the plants a long recovery time. What this method does is attempt to simulate with livestock the beneficial flow of wild, predator-stimulated herds through the land.

But even this grazing method could result in wrecks, Savory realized, if it were not seen as part of a larger whole. So, by 1984 he had begun developing the concept of holistic resource management (H.R.M.). When the Northern Plains Resource Council—a Montana rancher- and farmer-based group with many members who are environmental activists—hosted a weeklong "Savory school" in February of that year, it ended with Savory and Northern Plains members creating the nonprofit Center for H.R.M. Based in Albuquerque, New Mexico, the center now offers a battery of courses leading, if students desire, to a degree in H.R.M. More important, the center is affiliated with dozens of grass-roots branches in many states, bioregions and nations.

"We begin by selecting a whole," says Savory, explaining H.R.M., "which might include a farm, the family who owns and/or operates it, the staff employed and their families, the financial resources available and to be generated."

But this whole need not be a farm or ranch. It can be a forest, a park, a wildlife refuge. It can be the Navajo Reservation in Arizona, where H.R.M. is beginning to make headway. It can be my own backyard garden. It includes the basic four ecosystem blocks: energy flow, water cycle, mineral/nutrient cycle, and plant, soil and animal succession. It includes people involved in managing this whole, their creativity, their financial resources. It includes tools—every technology from plow or ax to genetic engineering, and all "natural" tools, too, like fire, grazing, rest, animal impact and the effects of all living organisms from bacteria to eagles. Finally, the holistic resource management model is applied using a host of guidelines, such as identifying and working on the weakest link before applying money or energy anywhere else.

One such whole I am familiar with is made up of 11,000 acres of rangeland on Bill and Dana Milton's ranch north of here. Some 6,000 acres are privately owned, but they are interspersed with 4,000 acres of Federal and 1,000 acres of state grazing leases. So Bill Milton has assembled a "management team" of Soil Conservation Service and Bureau of Land Management people, of State Wildlife and State Lands representatives, and interested private individuals like me.

Half a dozen of us meet four times a year to assess how we are doing. In the beginning, following the H.R.M. approach, we established a three-part goal, which included defining the quality of life sought; the forms of production necessary to sustain that quality of life (e.g., profit from crops, livestock or wildlife, or from recreational, cultural or aesthetic pursuits); and finally a landscape description of how the ecosystem must function to sustain that production.

Our three-in-one goal—"to ensure sustained profitability for the rancher/operator; to maintain a diverse, sustainable vegetative community that meets the needs of both domestic livestock and wildlife; and to encourage land sensitive recreational use"—tells you that this is not the normal public-land grazing scheme where a rancher and the Bureau of Land Management (or other agency) agree on how many cattle or sheep can be turned out into which pasture and for how long. That process mostly has to do with bookkeeping, not land-sensitive management.

Academic range scientists often take offense at Savory's less-than-tactful comments about their lack of on-the-ground knowledge. But it isn't just academics who take offense. Edward Abbey writes negative letters about Savory in *High Country News* (a biweekly Rocky Mountain environmental newspaper out of Paonia, Colorado). Establishment environmentalists deride Savory as a "guru" for ranchers, promising increased (often doubled) stocking rates and a halving of costs while, somehow, the land improves.

But if environmentalists think Savory is an apologist for ranchers, they should hear him talk to outfits like the Montana Stockgrowers Association, which he addressed in June. He introduced the concept of overrest and showed that overgrazing is a function not of numbers (of cattle or sheep, elk or buffalo, wildebeest or gazelle or whatever) but of how long the grazers keep hitting on the same plants.

At a time when ranchers feel very touchy about proposals to reintroduce wolves to Yellowstone Park and the northern Rockies, Savory said it was a great mistake to eliminate predators in the first place, and showed slides of lions and cheetahs on his ranch in Zimbabwe. And at a time when

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Technical Specifications

Grassroots PLAN is an easy to use, menu driven program with on-screen prompts and helpful messages. It requires an IBM XT, AT, Personal System/2, or 100% compatible with a minimum of 512K RAM. The number of rows (records) is limited only by the size of the hard disk and the limits of DOS.

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Jeffrey S. Pector, in association with the
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cattle prices have begun to rise to levels acceptable to ranchers, Savory said he hoped they didn't go any higher because this would only encourage them to keep mismanaging their land. Savory has also told ranchers that at $1.54 per animal unit month, the Federal grazing fee is an incredible bargain that ought to be tied to a rancher's effectiveness in managing to improve the land.

It's March and the Milton ranch management team is hunched over the kitchen table planning this growing season's grazing regime. We pore over maps and computer printouts telling us how many cattle and sheep grazed for how long in each paddock of this grazing cell last year. We mark lines on a flow chart. We know reality will not conform to our projections. That's O.K. A key H.R.M. guideline is to plan, monitor, replan. Constantly. Another guideline says: Be flexible.

Today we stay indoors and plan. Other meetings we'll be outdoors, walking the ground, stopping and kneeling and peering at plants and the soil, talking about what we see.

Subtle changes in the land. That dry stream bottom—remember it? Last fall it was growing stands of tall grasses and sprouting wildrose and willow. ("Which paddock is that?" asks the man with the pencil and chart. "Number 17," someone says.) You don't see vegetation like that flourishing in many of the coulees that seam this high plains country. We figure the livestock just weren't in this paddock long enough to graze or trample everything down. So shrubs and trees are coming in; yet nobody has planted them, nobody is protecting them with fences. As if, given a chance, they belong here.

We wonder, Were these high plains coulees filled with such water-holding vegetation during the time of elk and bison, wolf and grizzly? Were there more ponds and springs then, with streams flowing longer, so that in dry times the great herds could venture farther from the rivers? We ask these questions, and others. It will be years before we have clear answers, and by then there will be more questions.

I agree with Allan Savory when he says the controversy between environmentalists and ranchers over livestock grazing on public lands is not a conflict over goals but over tools. When ranchers insist on turning out their livestock in the same old way, they are advocating the tools of grazing and animal impact—even though that means loss of the positive impact from hoofs, manure and so on. When environmentalists call for livestock to be removed from the land, they are advocating the tool of rest—even though rest, as we have seen, can be overdone.

I also agree when Savory says that the H.R.M. model—or something that grows out of it—is the management tool of the future. Holistic resource management is ecologically sound, economically sensible and it can change to accommodate new information. Where I have seen H.R.M. seriously applied, I have seen diversity and overall numbers of plants steadily increase, erosion by wind and water sharply curtailed, habitat for wildlife as well as livestock frequently improved and people who were thinking otherwise now believing they have a purpose and a future in the land. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Scripts, Plots and Codes

JOHN LEONARD

LIBRA. *By Don DeLillo. Viking. 456 pp. $19.95.*

Don DeLillo's cold and brilliant novel begins with 13-year-old Lee Harvey Oswald and his mother—that American Medea, Marguerite—watching television in the Bronx. For "inward-spinning" Oswald, his mother *is* a television. Her voice falls "through a hole in the air." She stays up late to compare test patterns.

Libra ends with a hole in the ground, and Marguerite apostrophizing: "They will search out environmental factors, that we moved from home to home. Judge, I have lived in many places but never filthy dirty, never not neat, never without the personal living touch, the decorator item. We have moved to be a family. This is the theme of my research."

Between these solitudes, somebody else is doing the research. DeLillo, who's shy, has found himself a surrogate: Nicholas Branch, C.I.A. (retired), sits exactly like an author-god at a desktop computer in a glove-leather chair in a book-lined, fireproof room full of "theories that gleam like jade idols." He follows "bullet trajectories backwards to the lives that occupy the shadows." He feels "a strangeness . . . that is almost holy. There is much here that is holy, an aberration in the heartland of the real."

Branch is writing, at the agency's request, a secret history of Dallas—those "six point nine seconds of heat and light" on November 22, 1963. The agency has given him more than he needs to know. For instance:

> The Curator sends the results of ballistics tests carried out on human skulls and goat carcasses, on blocks of gelatin mixed with horsemeat . . . bullet-shattered goat heads in close-up . . . a gelatin-tissue model "dressed" like the President. It is pure modernist sculpture, a block of gelatin layered in suit and shirt material with a strip of undershirt showing, bullet-smoked.

Equally modernist, of course, is the Warren Commission Report, "with its twenty-six accompanying volumes of testimony and exhibits, its millions of words":

> Branch thinks this is the megaton novel James Joyce would have written if he'd moved to Iowa City and lived to be a hundred. . . . Everything belongs, everything adheres, the mutter of obscure witnesses, the photos of illegible documents and odd sad personal debris, things gathered up at a dying—old shoes, pajama tops, letters from Russia. . . . This is the Joycean Book of America, remember—the novel in which nothing is left out.

And what does the historian decide—after his access to goat heads and pajama tops; psychiatrists and K.G.B. defectors; confidential agency files and transcripts of the secret hearings of Congressional committees; wiretaps, polygraphs, Dictabelt recordings, post-operative X-rays, computer enhancements of the Zapruder film, Jack Ruby's mother's dental chart, microphotographs of three strands of Oswald's pubic hair (smooth, not knobby), F.B.I. reports on dreams . . . and the long roster of the conveniently dead?

Branch decides that "his subject is not politics or violent crime but men in small rooms." To be sure, his own agency may be "protecting something very much like its identity," but rogue elements of that agency have conspired in their small rooms to write an enormous fiction. They will mount an attempt on the President's life that's intended to be a "surgical" near-miss. They will leave a "paper-trail" that leads from this attempt to Fidel Castro's Cuba—their "moonlit fixation in the emerald sea." They require somebody like an Oswald, a fall-guy figment, to point the way.

Libra deconstructs the official story, reimagines the dreary principals we know already from the pages of the Warren Report and the fevers of Jim Garrison. But it also peoples the parentheses of this shadow world with monsters of its own—agents disgraced at the Bay of Pigs; cowboy mercenaries shopping for a little war; Kennedy-hating Mafiosi, international remittance men, Batista swamp-rats; myths (salamanders out of Paracelsus) and freaks (geeks, androgynes). If his surrogate Branch is a stay-at-home, DeLillo flies by night, and enters, an exorcist, into rooms and dreams. In each room he finds a secret and a coincidence, a loneliness and a connection, even a kind of theology: "the rapture of the fear of believing."

Win Everett, for instance, is the agency author-god of the J.F.K. plot, for whom "secrets are an exalted state," "a way of arresting motion, stopping the world so we can see ourselves in it." In his small room, with Elmer's Glue-All and an X-acto knife, he invents the Oswald figment out of fake passports, false names, phony address books, doctored photographs; "scripts" him "out of ordinary pocket litter." He has, if not misgivings, at least forebodings:

> There is a tendency of plots to move toward death. He believed that the idea of death is woven into the nature of every plot. A narrative plot no less than a conspiracy of armed men. The tighter the plot of a story, the more likely it will come to death. A plot in fiction, he believed, is the way we localize the force of death outside the book, play it off, contain it. . . . He worried about the deathward logic of his plot.

But the agency is bound to forgive him: "What's more, they would admire the complexity of his plan. . . . It had art and memory. It had a sense of responsibility, of moral force. And it was a picture in the world of their own guilty wishes."

He sounds like any old modernist at the keyboard of his masterwork, his terminal novel, his grand harmonium of randomness. Imagine his surprise on finding that there really *is* an Oswald, sitting there in a Speed Wash laundromat in Dallas at midnight, reading H.G. Wells's *Outline of History*. It's creepy. Dyslexic Lee, who grew up dreaming of Lenin and Trotsky, "men who lived in isolation . . . close to death through long winters in exile or prison, feeling history in the room, waiting for the moment when it would surge through the walls." Ozzie the Rabbit in Tokyo: "Here the smallness had meaning. The paper windows and box rooms, these were clear-minded states, forms of well-being." A Marine defector who cuts his wrist to stay in Russia; a wife abuser who receives "secret instructions" from "the whole busy air of transmission . . . through the night into his skin"; a Fair Play for Cuba mail-order assassin

John Leonard will be writing regularly on fiction for The Nation.

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"I most especially liked the works of Gary Soto and Roberta Swann in Issue 22. They both managed to capture the Silk feel which is, what can I say? a tenderness, openness, willingness – an aurora of restrained passion that's almost virginal. Such things are daring in this country at this time. I don't know how you find your writers, but I love them, and you, and what you are doing."

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whose stated ambition it is "to be a short story writer on contemporary American themes"—he's spent his whole life converging on a plot that is itself just eight months old.

On learning of the real Oswald, Everett feels "displaced": "It produced a sensation of the eeriest panic, gave him a glimpse of the fiction he'd been devising, a fiction living prematurely in the world."

His co-conspirator, Parmenter, a member of "the Groton-Yale-OSS network of so-called gentlemen spies," is grateful to the agency for its understanding and its trust: "The deeper the ambiguity, the more we believe." During the overthrow of Jacobo Arbenz in 1954 his radio station, "supposedly run by rebels from a jungle outpost in Guatemala," was really in Honduras. Disinformation—"rumors, false battle reports, meaningless codes, inflammatory speeches, orders to nonexistent rebels. It was like a class project in the structure of reality. Parmenter wrote some of the broadcasts himself, going for vivid imagery, fields of rotting bodies." A *real* Oswald makes him laugh: "It was all so funny. . . . Everyone was a spook or a dupe or asset, a double, courier, cutout or defector, or was related to one. We were all linked in a vast and rhythmic coincidence."

But the President dies of coincidence, and so does Oswald. Like Oswald, *everybody* is writing fiction "on contemporary American themes." One conspirator, T.J. Mackey, works with a private army of Cuban exiles: "Alpha was like a dream clinic. The Agency worked up a vision, then got Alpha to make it come true." Another, Wayne Elko, lives on Southwest Fourth Street in Miami: "Judo instructors, tugboat captains, homeless Cubans, ex-paratroopers like Wayne, mercenaries from wars nobody heard of, in West Africa or Malay. They were like guys straight out of Wayne's favorite movie, *Seven Samurai*, warriors without masters, willing to band together to save a village from marauders, to win back a country, only to see themselves betrayed in the end."

So much bad art. This is Joan Didion's territory, isn't it, paranoia and blank uneasiness? Just so, the Mafia boss Carmine Latta, with his wiseguy contempt for social orders not his own, seems to have wandered in from Saul Bellow's Chicago instead of New Orleans. With Didion, though, paranoia is personal, and so for Bellow is contempt. DeLillo is loftier, in a room that hangs above the world. He's part camera, of course, with a savage eye on, say, pretty Marina with the "breezes in her head," or Ruby, whose desperate jauntiness breaks the heart:

> If I don't get there in time, it's decreed I wasn't meant to do it. He drove through Dealey Plaza, slightly out of the way, to look at the wreaths again. He talked to Sheba about was she hungry, did she want her Alpo. He parked in a lot across the street from the Western Union Office. He opened the trunk, got out the dog food and a can opener and fixed the dog her meal, which he left on the front seat. He took two thousand dollars out of the moneybag and stuffed it in his pockets because this is how a club owner walks into a room. He put the gun in his right hip pocket. His name was stamped in gold inside his hat.

But language is DeLillo's plastique. He composes out of gnarled speech—funny, vulgar, gnomic—stunning cantatas for the damned to sing. *Libra* is as choral as it is cinematic. Marguerite's the scariest mother since *Faust*, and David Ferrie, with his homemade eyebrows, mohair toupee and the land mines in his kitchen, his expertise on cancer and astrology, seems to speak to us through the cavities in our teeth: "All my fears are primitive. It's the limbic system of the brain. I've got a million years of terror stored up there." For Ferrie, "astrology is the language of the night sky, of starry aspect and position, the truth at the end of human affairs." Oswald is a Libra, which means "scales": "You're a quirk of history," Ferrie says; "you're a coincidence." But we say coincidence when we don't know what to call it: "It goes deeper. . . . There's a hidden principle. Every process contains its own outcome." On learning of Kennedy's motorcade route, Ferrie's beside himself: "We didn't arrange your job in that building or set up the motorcade route. We don't have that kind of reach. . . . There's something else that's generating this event. A pattern outside experience. Something that *jerks* you out of the spin of history. I think you've had it backwards all the time. You wanted to enter history. Wrong approach, Leon. What you really want is out."

But, thinks Ferrie, *"there's more to it. There's always more to it. This is what history consists of. It's the sum total of all the things they aren't telling us."*

I'm inclined to believe him. I'm not a

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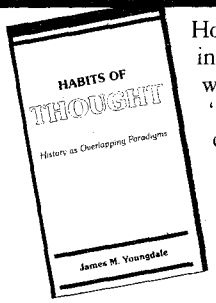
buff anymore; the assassination hurt my head. Maybe there was a second gunman on the grassy knoll. Maybe Ruby did owe money and a favor to the mob. Certainly the shadow world is full of rogues. We read about the novels they have written every day in the funny papers.

DeLillo, though, is an agnostic about reality itself. With its command of the facts and the fantasies, its slide-rule convergence, its cantatas and its hyperspace, *Libra*'s plausible. But it's also art, the peculiar art he's been perfecting since the antihero of *Americana* abandoned the Vietnam War on television in New York for another war in the American interior. Since, in *End Zone*, football became a metaphor for Armageddon. Since, in *Great Jones Street*, a grotesque rock and roll amalgam of Jagger and Dylan hid out in the East Village from the thought police and the terror he'd himself sown in "the erotic dreams of the republic." Since, in *Ratner's Star*, the superstitions of astrophysics were deployed in a galaxy of time running out and space exploded. In *Players*, terrorists want to blow up the stock exchange, with some deracinated yuppie help. In *Running Dog*, secret agents, pornographers, Buddhists and Hitler all end up in Dallas. In *The Names*, a "risk analyst" for a company insuring multinational corporations against accidents of history goes to Athens, Ankara and Beirut to find out he's really working for the C.I.A., in the service of "new kinds of death." In *White Noise*, Nazis make a comeback in middle America in the cognitive dissonance at the heart of the consumer culture, where our universities are indistinguishable from our shopping malls, and we lie to ourselves in euphemisms on the TV set and in our dreams, and one of the ex-wives of a professor of Hitler Studies is a part-time spook: "She reviewed fiction for the CIA, mainly long serious novels with coded structures."

At the ends of these DeLillo novels, there was nothing left but relative densities of language. He was limbering up for the big dread.

With the White Knight gone, there is no coherence, no community, no faith, no accountability, merely hum. In a faithless culture, death is the ultimate kick. In a random cosmos (those accidental stars, that coincidental static) we need a new *black* magic, a theology of secrets. Against anarchism, nihilism, terrorism, why not an occult of the intelligence agency, the latest in gnostic

HABITS OF THOUGHT



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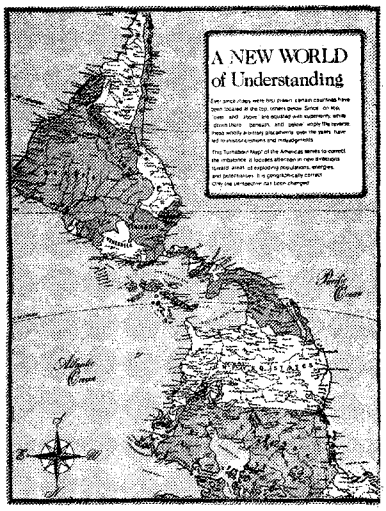

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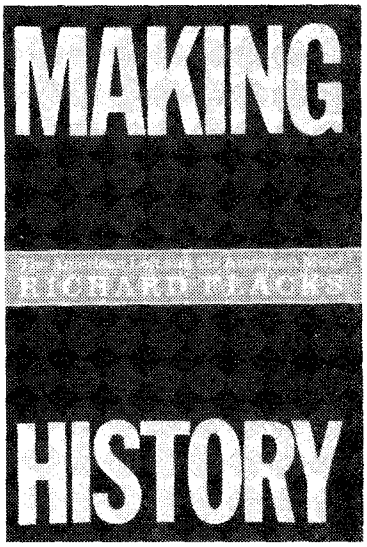

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heresies? Against meaninglessness: conspiracy. It's all modernism; Beckett and Borges and Nabokov: alienation of the self, by the self, against the self. James Jesus Angleton, like Parmenter a Yalie, was a poet and futurist before he was a spook. This storied counterintelligence Nabokovian published a literary magazine in the 1930s, *Furioso*, full of difficult modernists, including an Ezra Pound whose enthusiasm for Mussolini was apparently contagious. T.S. Eliot was his buddy and Thomas Mann came to lunch, and by the time Angleton had acceded at the agency to the very cerebellum of his "wilderness of mirrors," his labyrinth of "moles," he was known variously as The Poet, Gray Ghost, Mother and The Fisherman. If *he* could imagine it, *they* must be doing it. Naturally, everywhere, he saw "doubles." This is Conrad, and Kafka, and *The Wasteland.*

Oswald, of course, is the Underground Man.

In Asia and the Middle East, in Latin America and in Dallas, *they* are writing our novel, and they are insane. □

FILMS.

JAMES LARDNER

Married to the Mob
Fatal Attraction (revisited)

Married to the Mob imagines the sufferings of the young, attractive, restless wife of a minor mobster. Angela DeMarco and her husband, Frankie (The Cucumber), live in an immaculate ranch house filled with spanking-new furniture and all the latest appliances, which Frankie brings home regularly—in factory cartons, without receipts. Their son Joey is 12 or thereabouts, and his idea of recreation (when his mother isn't watching) is three-card monte, with his classmates and neighbors as his victims. Angela's own leisure opportunities consist of card-playing dinners with the other wives from the organized crime family of Tony (The Tiger) Russo, Frankie's boss. Lately, though, she has been turning these invitations down on this pretext or that—to the consternation of her husband who, like any organization man with prospects, expects his wife to play her part.

"All the other wives get along with each other," Frankie complains.

Frankie is a philanderer—hence his nickname. But that's not why Angela wants out of the marriage. "Look at this place!" she hollers at him. "Everything we wear, everything we eat, everything we own fell off a truck! Everything has blood on it!"

Frankie is bewildered. A wife criticizing her husband for being a good provider? It must be the wrong time of the month.

Movie mobsters have been growing tamer—more like corporate executives—for decades, and *Married to the Mob* reduces them for comic effect to suburban twits, utterly devoted to sex and money, the sort who populate the fictions of Richard Yates or John Updike. Angela's grievances, with minor alterations, could be those of any independent-spirited woman who got married, too young, to a man of limited horizons in a dubious line of work. Her husband might as well be a budding arbitrager, or a real estate lawyer; and Alec Baldwin, as Frankie, doesn't play up the thuggish side of the character. He's just another suburban male who takes his wife for granted. The movie opens with Frankie and an associate executing a hit on the 8:10 commuter train from Mineola, New York—a setting in which Frankie seems quite at home.

Married to the Mob was dreamed up by Barry Strugatz and Mark Burns, two screenwriters whose gainful employment, until now, has been as a film editor and a location scout, respectively. Their script found its way to Orion Pictures, which shipped it along to the director Jonathan Demme—a choice possibly inspired by the fact that his last feature film, *Something Wild*, was also a comedy with a protagonist escaping (albeit involuntarily) from the strictures of a small-minded, middle-class existence.

One of the few live wires of the American film industry of the 1980s, Demme obviously enjoyed the challenge of composing a vision of suburban life among the organized crime set. He has one of the wives in an ersatz leopard-skin outfit, and another with a punk hairdo that makes her look like Mr. Spock of *Star Trek*. And we think: Why not? Why shouldn't mobsters' wives have evolved, aesthetically, since the 1950s? The movie displays just as much care in its choice of settings (including a mob eatery called the King's Roost and a motel called the Fantasia) and soundtrack (an original score by David Byrne supplemented by Rosemary Clooney's rendering of "Mambo Italiano," plus an eclectic assortment of songs of more recent vintage). And, as usual, Demme has hunted down an odd but extremely pleasing company of actors, not one of whom has been asked to repeat something he or she has done before.

Michelle Pfeiffer, as Angela—Demme's great casting coup this time around—is delightful as well as beautiful. With her Long Island accent and perfected coiffed hairdo, she makes you believe that this is a woman who really could have wound up with Frankie The Cucumber and, at the same time, that she could be profoundly unhappy about it. Her mere presence in the mob milieu is both poignant and funny. In one early scene, Angela is cornered at the supermarket by a group of the other mob wives, each pushing her own cart, and they proceed to run her cart off the road in order to make her submit to a lecture from Tony The Tiger's formidable wife, Connie. (Tony has been making advances toward Angela. Connie warns her to keep her hands off Tony.) Objectively, there isn't much to this scene, but largely because of the rude contrast between Pfeiffer and the formidable Mercedes Ruehl, as Connie, it crackles with effortless humor. As long as the movie remains in suburbia, in fact—and as long as it remains centered on Angela and her family and friends—it's a howl.

In short order, however, Frankie is dead, Angela has picked up and moved to Manhattan—to the Lower East Side—and the quiet conflict between her and her circumstances has been replaced by a not-so-quiet conflict pitting the mob against a cut-up of an F.B.I. man played by Matthew Modine. There is something tired and reflexive about the way the script makes Angela the focus of the government's efforts to nab Tony. There is something a little lame, too, about the way Demme uses the downtown and the punk world as a background for Angela's redemption. In tone, the movie becomes a retread of *Desperately Seeking Susan* and various other American New-Wave comedies of the eighties.

How does an inspired beginning fade into a humdrum middle and end (it happens often enough)? According to a press handout, *Married to the Mob* originated in the screenwriters' impulse to think up a story with a "strong woman" as the central character. Some inner demon must have told them, though, that

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they had to have a proper male lead, too, and that Frankie The Cucumber was not a suitable character for this purpose. Thus, they have given us Agent Mike Downey, the goofy F.B.I. man who moves into the same tenement as Angela—the better to tap her phone conversations—and soon falls in love with her, notwithstanding his initial assumption that she is Tony The Tiger's mistress.

There is good chemistry between Pfeiffer and Alec Baldwin as her husband. That the same cannot be said of Pfeiffer and Modine probably ought to be blamed on the story rather than the actors. Modine works hard at making Agent Downey a funny guy (he wears a lot of disguises), and from time to time he succeeds. But the effort is taxing.

Comedy or no, it seems, a gangster picture has to have certain standard plot elements: the Feds, surveillance, chase scenes, physical jeopardy, etc. *Married to the Mob* manages, in the end, to have them all. From Mineola, the action shifts to Manhattan, and from Manhattan to Miami, where Angela (now an F.B.I. undercover operative) and Tony escape for a long weekend—with Connie, Mike and several hundred G-men in hot pursuit. They should have stayed in Mineola.

Some illumination on the question of how promising movie ideas go wrong was provided by a recent *New York Times* interview with the writer and director James Dearden. The occasion of the interview was the release of Dearden's current film, *Pascali's Island*, but many of the questions posed by Myra Forsberg, the reporter, had to do with Dearden's screenplay for *Fatal Attraction*, one of the runaway hits of 1987. Much has been written about the supposedly antifeminist undertones of that film, with its (to say the least) unflattering portrait of a Liberated Woman. A fair amount of ink has been spilled, too, on the harsh view of extramarital sex which the film seems to convey, by portraying a one-night stand as the first step down a path that leads to boiled pet rabbit and kamikaze knife attacks. But for me, the genius of *Fatal Attraction* lies elsewhere—in the way it brings *Friday the Thirteenth*–style violence into an upper-middle-class milieu in which we expect people to be more civilized. It is the first upscale slasher picture.

Fatal Attraction was based on a short film titled *Diversion*, which Dearden made in 1979. "I was sitting at home thinking, what is a minimalist story that I can do?" Dearden told *The Times*. "My wife was out of town for the weekend, and I thought: what would happen if a man who has just dropped his wife at a railroad station rings this girl who he's met at a party and says, 'Would you like to have dinner?' . . . Then it all gets ugly."

But not *that* ugly. In *Diversion*, it turns out, the scorned woman's harassment is entirely verbal. The film ends (without a drop of blood spilled) when one of her phone calls is answered by the man's wife. Dearden described the film as "a little fable about the perils of adultery. It is something that men and women get away with 99 percent of the time," he explained, "and I just thought, why not explore the one time out of 100 when it goes wrong?"

Why not, indeed? *Diversion* sounds like a reasonable movie, unlike *Fatal Attraction*. (The butcher knife, generally speaking, is not the weapon of choice of female publishing executives.) It may even be a good movie, and I am glad to know when and how Dearden thought it up. But what about the origins of that other movie?

Fatal Attraction was born when the producers Stanley Jaffe and Sherry Lansing saw *Diversion* and suggested to Dearden that he "expand" his story. He didn't much want to, he told *The Times*, "but I thought, it's an offer I can't refuse." His next thought was that in order to make the story suitable for "a mass-audience film," he would have to turn the psychological violence into physical violence. What resulted, in his mind, was "a good thriller with an interesting subtext." When the film came under attack, Dearden was appalled at the things people said about it. "You're being asked to account for things that weren't your decision and things that certainly were not intended to be interpreted the way they were being interpreted," he protested to *The Times*.

Who, then, is ultimately responsible for *Fatal Attraction*? Is it Dearden, the reluctant pumper-up of his own material? Is it Jaffe and Lansing, who gave him his marching orders? Is it Adrian Lyne, the director, under whose care, we may assume, the lurid aspects of the story did not grow any less so? What was the role of Paramount Pictures and its executives in arriving at the final blend of ingredients? Will the real *auteur* please stand up? □

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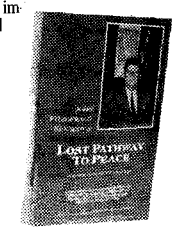

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FILMS.

STUART KLAWANS

Betrayed
The Last Temptation of Christ

As the pod people were to *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, so are white-supremacist conspirators to *Betrayed*, a new thriller directed by Costa-Gavras. Debra Winger plays Cathy Weaver, an undercover F.B.I. agent, who first falls in love with the man she is investigating—a rugged but sensitive Midwestern farmer—then discovers that he really is what her bosses suspect him to be: the head of a paramilitary cell. By then, she is locked into an affair with him, forced (even in bed) to pretend she's one of Them, condemned to the role of female victim in a horror film that might better have been called *It Came From Iowa*.

As usual with a Costa-Gavras film, *Betrayed* starts from a real-life political event, in this case the murder of Denver talk-show host Alan Berg. The film translates the assassination to Chicago but identifies the perpetrators more or less as they were: self-styled Aryan saviors of America, out to overthrow what they call the Zionist Occupation Government. As loon-hunter for the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Winger gets the crucial assignment of ingratiating herself with the chief suspect, Gary Simmons (Tom Berenger), even though it's her first undercover job. She isn't very good at it.

Invited to Gary's house for dinner, Cathy hears him insist no fewer than three times that the dessert is *white* cake, but she still doesn't get it. When she reports to her supervisor and one-time lover (John Heard), she maintains that Gary is just what he seems: the salt of the earth. (The dialogue is full of such colorful talk. Cathy also says, "I'm in too deep, Michael"; "You never cared about us"; and the ever-popular "I feel dirty.") The supervisor, becoming snappish, orders Cathy back to the wheat fields. Of *course* she has to continue her investigation. We're only fifteen minutes into the movie, and if Gary isn't a ZOG-bashing Aryan, then there's no point in going on.

We go on; and sure enough, as soon as Cathy consummates her romance with Gary, he invites her out on his idea of a swell date, which means a lynching. Cathy reels back to the cheap motel that serves as her operating base, too overwrought to notice that the phone book, prominently displayed at one side of the screen, is called the *white* pages.

Yes, out there in America—the America that looks like a patriotic beer commercial—*everybody* is a white-supremacist killer, from the foamy-mouthed minister to Mom with her recipe for white cake to Gary's little daughter, who lisps about killing the niggers and rabbis. The Farm People are a legion of monsters in pickup trucks, who look perfectly normal and have us surrounded. Don't go beyond the city limits of Los Angeles or New York, or they'll get you, too.

Perhaps one can look at *Betrayed* as a case study in corporate filmmaking overcoming an *auteur*; but that would be true only up to a point. Costa-Gavras has been a remarkably consistent filmmaker in terms of political outlook and narrative strategy, but as a stylist he is, if anything, too adaptable. A viewing of *Z* these days won't encourage much political commitment but will go a long way toward producing a headache; the film seems like an encyclopedia of late 1960s camera tics, all of them exaggerated past the point of parody. *The Sleeping Car Murders* was better—Costa-Gavras made it just when the New Wave was beginning to look classical—and *Betrayed* is worse. It is in every way a Hollywood movie of the late 1980s, loaded with the latest visual pomposities, such as plenty of swooping camera movements (no matter whether they're needed) and what feels like an hour's worth of close-ups of Debra Winger staring into space. To this burden, the producers have added the still-weightier impediment of the screenplay by Joe Eszterhas, proud co-author of *Flashdance* and the immortal Stallone's *F.I.S.T.*

As chief monster, Tom Berenger does what he can to bring life to the film. His is the only character with any complexity—a man who loves his children, feels vulnerable to women and despises neo-Nazis as much as he does blacks, Jews and gays—and Berenger inhabits him solidly. Debra Winger has been less lucky. If her character had still felt some unwilling attraction to Gary, there might have been a conflict for Winger to portray. Instead, she's asked to go from simple love to simple hate; after Gary exposes himself as a killer, Winger spends the rest of the movie acting either tense or hysterical. It gets so bad that she is finally made to play out the filmmakers' idea of the ultimate female degradation: drinking alone in a bar that doesn't even have tablecloths. John Heard, as the F.B.I. supervisor, seems as irritated at his role as he is at Cathy. He is an actor of unusual wit, who lately has been condemned to playing characters with none. Only the excellent Richard Libertini, as the talk-show host, gets to have any fun with his part. While he's on screen, the film has real spark. Unfortunately, he's murdered at the end of the credits.

If you really need convincing that white supremacists exist, then I suppose *Betrayed* will be helpful. Otherwise, you're likely to find it a lumbering, alienating film about an America that exists mostly in the minds of Hollywood executives and high-minded Europeans.

No one should go without spiritual guidance to see *The Last Temptation of Christ*—Martin Scorsese's adaptation of the novel by Nikos Kazantzakis—so I went in the company of Rabbi Simcha Feffeferman, leader of Congregation Anshe Tsurres. "Rabbi," I said, as we left the theater, dodging the Bible-laden protesters, "is this film bad for the Jews?"

"And what isn't?" he replied.

"Let me rephrase the question. Here we have a picture directed by a Roman Catholic, based on a novel by a Greek Orthodox writer, with a screenplay by Paul Schrader, who is, I understand, Dutch Reformed. Yet, because the producer, Lew Wasserman, is Jewish—"

"The producer," the Rabbi said, "is Barbara De Fina. This Wasserman is just the studio big-shot. He knows from this movie like Lee Iacocca knows from wiring a dashboard."

"Exactly my point. But there was a demonstration outside Wasserman's home in which a man representing a Jewish producer whipped another man, portraying Jesus, through the streets of Beverly Hills."

"So what's that got to do with anything? Tell me, did you see anything Jewish in this movie? Any hint that Jesus or maybe the apostles were Jewish? Arabs, maybe. Africans or Italians from New York or these theater crazies that want to take off their clothes all the time. But Jews?"

"Well, Scorsese wasn't interested in the historical Jesus. He was trying for a pan-Mediterranean atmosphere—some-

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thing more universal and also more exotic."

"Exactly *my* point. So Scorsese goes to Morocco. He hires this big rock and roll star who writes music they think sounds Middle Eastern, and he puts tattoos all over the women, and when John the Baptist shows up, it's this big production number with African drummers and naked women, and who's John the Baptist? André Gregory, that's who! My baptism with André!"

"So what are you saying?"

"I'm saying the fundamentalists get in a tumult because the movie isn't just like the Bible. And maybe some other people could get in a tumult because it's not like history. But you know what really *is* Jewish about this movie? The interpretation."

"You mean, casting David Bowie as Pontius Pilate?"

"He's very good, this Bowie. But no. I mean the interpretation Scorsese got from the book. In Judaism, if you got something in the Bible that don't make sense, you sometimes tell a story to explain it. It's called *aggadah*. That's what this here Kazantzakis did. He adds some stories to help the Gospels make sense. For example: What kind of carpenter is Jesus? He makes crosses for the Romans, that's what kind. It eats him up inside. All he thinks about is crucifixion. And who is Judas Iscariot? He's this friend of Jesus, a rebel, very upset his friend helps the Romans kill Jews. You see? An *aggadah*—and then, when you get into the story that *is* the Gospels, it already tells you more."

"I agree, Kazantzakis's conceits are fascinating. And, of course, the most audacious of all is his invention of a fourth temptation, which takes place while Jesus is on the cross. If you care about fine distinctions of Christian doctrine—and you'd better, if you intend to enjoy this movie—this additional temptation makes the story slightly more Arian than *Paradise Regained*. When Milton related the three temptations in the desert, he showed Jesus gradually becoming aware of His divinity. *The Last Temptation* extends the process, of course, and also makes explicit Jesus's internal struggle. He even says, 'God tells me only as much as I need to know.' So the progressive revelation—"

"Boychik," the Rabbi said, "let me explain you something. Books are books. A movie is something with scenery and costumes and maybe Eleanor Powell. Now, in this here movie—"

"Look, if you start talking about Eleanor Powell again—"

"Wonderful talents she had. But not an actress like Barbara Hershey, the one who plays Mary Magdalene. And you see places on Barbara Hershey that with Eleanor Powell, you couldn't imagine."

"Rabbi, this is degenerating fast."

"Just the opposite. In this movie, you got no historical Jesus, you got no real Jews, you don't even see more than a couple soldiers. This Scorsese doesn't stage battle scenes, he makes fistfights. The whole Sermon on the Mount has maybe a dozen people. So what *do* you got? For starters, you got Barbara Hershey's nipples. And blood. Right at the start, Jesus helps the Romans crucify some *shlemiel*, and the blood hits him smack in the eye. They go to the Temple, and the blood from the sacrifices is running down the gutter, and the little dogs are drinking it. They celebrate Passover—I never seen a Passover like this, but all right—and they're cutting the throats of all the sheep and throwing the blood everywhere. When the Romans beat up on poor Jesus, it's worse than Sugar Ray Robinson hitting Jake La Motta in *Raging Bull*. You see my point? Jesus actually *pulls out his own heart* in this movie."

"You're saying that Scorsese, as a Catholic, has emphasized the creatural side of Jesus."

"I'm saying, his very first picture, *Who's That Knocking at My Door?*, it ends with Harvey Keitel kissing the foot of the crucifix and cutting his lip wide open on the nail. I'm saying, in *Mean Streets*, this same Keitel is talking about Saint Francis all the time and holding his hand over fires to purify himself. I'm saying, you go to see *The Last Temptation of Christ*, and who's got even more temptation than Jesus? Judas Iscariot, that's who—Harvey Keitel."

"I assume that's the *aggadah* that most troubles Christians. Judas comes to love Jesus. Then Jesus orders him to lead the soldiers to Gethsemane, and Judas almost rebels. He can't bear the thought of betraying his master. He's so agonized that Jesus tells him, 'God gave *me* the easier job.'"

"Some easy job. Scorsese already showed us, Jesus knows what's a crucifixion. They *hurt*. But sure, you're right. Jesus saves everybody else, but Judas in a way saves Jesus, and this probably bothers some people, though not as much as the nipples."

"The creatural—"

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"Whatever. So, you got actors like Keitel and Barbara Hershey, who already mean something to Scorsese. You got all the blood. You got parts of the crucifixion where you actually see things from Jesus's point of view! You remember, it used to be in movies they didn't show Jesus's face. Him, and Franklin Roosevelt. This here movie, the big moment comes, you're right there on the cross with Him! Tell me, who ever did this before? Cecil B. DeMille? Nicholas Ray? George Stevens?"

"If I understand you, then, you're most impressed by the intimacy of the film, combined with Scorsese's characteristic physicality. And as for the incongruities—the hipness of the casting, or the ethnographic impurity of the *mise en scène*, or even small details, such as the inexplicable presence of Red Delicious apples in the Holy Land—these are winks at the audience, to let us know this isn't supposed to be the Gospels but is rather a personal essay on the battle of the spirit and the flesh."

"You're getting warmer. Tell me, you like this Willem Dafoe, the one who plays Jesus?"

"I think he gives a strong and well-nuanced performance in a terribly difficult role."

"Would you maybe like De Niro better?"

"What are you getting at?"

"If you had De Niro, you'd know who Jesus is supposed to be. He'd be Travis Bickle, the King of Comedy. Am I right? But instead you got Dafoe. He's as mixed-up as anybody De Niro ever played for Scorsese, but with Dafoe that's where it stops. Jesus is a hole, right in the middle of the movie. He doesn't know who He really is, and *you* don't know."

"So *The Last Temptation of Christ* is about the absence of Robert De Niro?"

"*Now* you got it!"

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"You've gone too far. Ladies and gentlemen, *The Last Temptation of Christ* has truly miraculous cinematography by Michael Ballhaus and immaculate editing by Thelma Schoonmaker. The screenplay is a little too eager to turn biblical sententiousness into colloquial rambling, but it never falls into inadvertent humor, even in the trickiest scenes between Jesus and Mary Magdalene. As for Scorsese's direction, it exploits the tension between historical fantasy and existential drama in much the same way as the Kazantzakis story pits the spirit against the flesh. I doubt this is Scorsese's best film—to me, that would still be *Raging Bull*—but it is an honorably eccentric effort, which has the virtue of becoming more absorbing as it goes on. Do you care to add anything, Rabbi?"

"*Born to Dance* it ain't. But if you like to see people whipped and tortured, which is the general idea, you should go see. And interpret." □

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

Knitting Factory Jazz Festival

One of the most difficult tasks facing any vanguard is finding its audience. It's not just a question of public taste in art: the social presentation of an avant-garde always involves more than purely aesthetic choices. Those who control the venues that serve the public usually argue that, aesthetic values aside, vanguards can't fill their temples. That melancholy background made Cecil Taylor's failure to show for the opening of the Knitting Factory Jazz Festival doubly disappointing. In just a year and a half, the tiny Knitting Factory has become an indispensable part of the music scene in New York City, and in the process has proved there is an audience for "outside" sounds. Its festival offered an imaginative mix of established and emerging artists in interesting, provocative programs. And people came—not just the usual downtown denizens but folks in suits and ties. In fact, I heard some complaints that the place was becoming yuppified—as if its bandstand sounds were the birthright of a particular hip group.

Festivals are, after all, meant to open the minds as well as the ears of an audience, to help them throw off their prejudices. Those prejudices may come in handy for corporate sponsors who want to exclude nonmainstream (read provocative) art from their festivals—the musicians are undependable, weird, etc.—but they played no part in the Knitting Factory's vision of how things should be. Which is why the nonperformance of kinetic pianist Taylor was so disheartening. Taylor has complained for years about his treatment by the establishment, and he's got a point. But he's also got his own problems, and they surfaced at the festival's kickoff concert.

The first set was scheduled for 8 P.M., and the place filled up in anticipation. By 9, still no Taylor; the crowd, largely uptown types lured by critical blurbs about the festival, began to get restless. By 9:30 the owners, in an unusual move, were refunding the full ticket price. By 10:10, when Taylor deigned to appear, only a handful of the capacity crowd remained. He then threw a tantrum about the dressing room, though he'd played the club before and should have known it wasn't Radio City. Things ended badly; Taylor didn't get paid because he was refused the chance to go onstage, owing to a clause in his contract stipulating a 9 P.M. show-up time—pretty generous for an 8 P.M. show.

The moral: By this point in history musicians must deal with both of the terms in "music business." If they don't, their complaints about not being allowed to reach the public are going to seem pretty hollow, and that public isn't going to cut them much slack. Why should it, if they can't even show up for their own gigs? Worse, when the artists can't or won't or don't take charge of defining the relationship between music and business, the business predators can and will.

So, part of what the Knitting Factory Jazz Festival was about was redefining the relationship between music and business. And along with some concerts from the World Music Institute's Improvisations II series (unfortunately more uneven than last year's), the festival attempted to explore the problems of what jazz is by juxtaposing older and newer visions of what that elusive term can mean. The strategy both illuminated and entertained; below are some of the highlights.

Tim Berne was among the younger vanguard that played a key role in the Factory's festival; his scorching quintet also opened the W.M.I.'s series with one of the most sustained high-wire acts I've seen this year. Taking new material

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and pushing it to the wall, they strung their taut arrangements to the breaking point without ever losing control. One of Berne's favorite strategies is to stuff his pieces full of sudden bends from one section to the next, almost as if he wants to see whether the band will be thrown; they reacted like rodeo champs.

Thanks to Cecil Taylor, the Jazz Passengers opened the Knitting Factory Jazz Festival and stayed true to their "fake jazz" background—some of the members play with the Lounge Lizards—by throwing scraps of sounds into a grungy mixmaster. Where the Passengers are all about brash, self-conscious gestures, William Parker's group (Dennis Charles and Rashied Ali on drums, Parker on bass, Billy Bang on violin, Charles Gayle on tenor) blasted off in that free space where jazz becomes a thing that roars and screams and keeps you focused by subtly shifting its textures within the furnace of raw creation.

The DFR String Trio features Berne quintet members Mark Dresser on bass and Hank Roberts on cello with violinist Mark Feldman; they share Berne's concerns with sonics and composition. The humor is sarcastic, to say the least. Their opening piece began with an edgy, boppish unison statement filigreed by a pseudoclassical "flight of the bumblebee" that soon came unwound as the strings slid and chirped, spiraled into a raucous epiphany that hung squealing in midair, faded into a duet melody and crash-landed as whale calls. This sendup of classical pretension made me wonder what they'd do to Bartók.

Berne followed them onstage with fellow altoist/composer John Zorn, drummer Ted Epstein and Dresser and Joey Baron to pay homage to Ornette Coleman. It was Zorn's night to howl. Though there were times when they hurled split tones at the audience like a couple of dubious thundergods, Berne mostly wrapped sax lines around Zorn's fierce squawking and unbridled multiphonic bursts, as the rhythm section moved nimbly to stir up and anticipate tempo change-ups. While they were at it, they demonstrated again and again that love of the jazz tradition can translate into an open-ended context and some unreverential play.

Next night's opener was billed as A Sax Quartet, which actually went on as A Sax Trio (Zorn, Greg Osby and Ned Rothenberg) because Gary Thomas's horn got smashed in an accident on the day of the gig. Here, even more than usual, it seemed Zorn's show: He kept pumping out jaggedly whirling lines that, if they'd been made of more than sound waves, would have done some nasty things to the folks sitting in front.

Yet another Berne spinoff was paired with the revived and legendary Phalanx. Miniature is a trio consisting of Berne, Roberts and Baron that mixes and matches from Captain Beefheart and the Champs' "Tequila" to snaky bebop heads and "The Happy Whistler." Accents and melodies arise, hover and get spun wittily into something quite different from their original intent. Phalanx reunited guitarist James Blood Ulmer, saxist George Adams, bassist Sirone and drummer Rashied Ali in a reprise of the freer aesthetic of the 1970s; it hit with the force of its name. It was like being in a musical funhouse: tonalities shifting suddenly, a sirocco drone sweeping across the jagged improvisations, a horn fusillade ripping through the deliberately bleary landscape. Ideas glinted and sped past as if they were riding a hot-rodded pinwheel.

The same kaleidoscopic feeling shaped Anthony Braxton's stunning solo spot. Braxton has one of the most inventive, imposing minds in jazz, and his alto sax cuts through expectations. He could take a banal melody like "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World" and first unsnap its fragments, then realign them into a series of thoroughly new possibilities. His control is awesome: At one point he had an overblown wail going on his horn that was matched by the sighing intake of his breathing to create a fluid, nonstop cry of pain and power. Alone, he eclipsed the following act, Odean Pope's Saxophone Choir, a big outfit bristling with saxes whose charts sounded like Las Vegas.

Bassist Fred Hopkins and cellist Deidre Murray, part of Henry Threadgill's crack Sextett, joined forces at W.M.I.'s festival to uncork some unusual duos. Outstanding technical arsenals and pungently irreverent wit combined to make their set one of the spunkiest I heard. Beginning with a set of generically mournful romantic melodies, they began to split tones through them, creating the musical equivalent of those illusory pictures that change when viewed from different angles.

Murray was onstage the following evening in another duo, with downtowner, Elliot Sharp. Each wrote two pieces that put Sharp on either bass clarinet or modified electric guitar to Murray's

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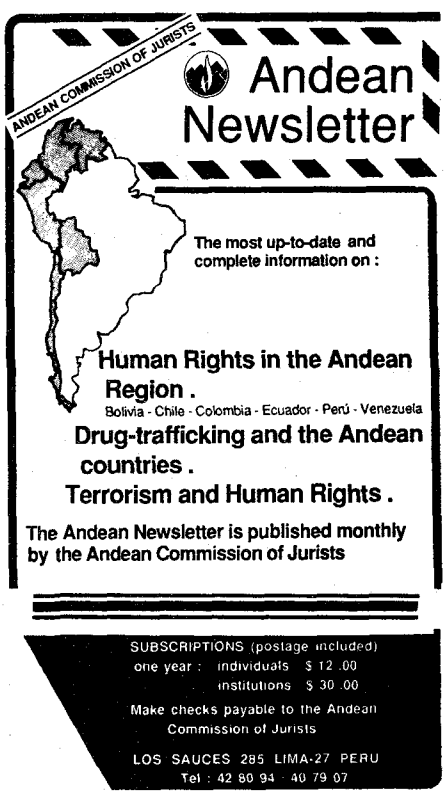
cello. It wasn't an unequivocally successful set, but its high points—as in the second tune, when the blues and *noir*-ish motifs curlicued around classical figures until they finally exploded into creaky elephant stomps—delivered.

As did the always delving David Murray Trio. With bassist Hopkins and drum master Andrew Cyrille churning the rhythms all around him, Murray planted himself and blew hard. He'll lunge across the range of his tenor or bass clarinet with flat-out abandon, skidding to a halt only in the upper reaches of split overtones that he'll drop without warning into the belching extreme low end, and then launch another atmospheric flight. There was, as usual with this trio, lots of solo time for all three players, which meant Hopkins got the chance to creak his unoiled-door effects and Cyrille scrambled rhythms with the carefree exuberance of a fine chef with an omelet to make. Breezy and high-stepping, this set captured jazz's improvisational essence.

The Wayne Horvitz Ensemble cut loose through intense blues, "Giant Steps" romps, some Crumb-inflected pieces and everything in between. Marty Ehrlich on tenor flared long lines that upset expected accents, then paused to bend a note into raunch or take a figure and run it ragged by repeating it out of sync with the progression while Horvitz was hammering his low end to death. Andrew Hill, when he followed them onstage, took a different tack. Instead of showcasing his compositions, he preferred to spin out the pure gold of his thoughtful musings, creating an introspective feel that modulated from idea to idea in an unhurried, uncontrived way.

As did Dewey Redman's trio. Redman, who's suffered ups and downs both in his career and in his playing, had always amazing bassist Anthony Cox and drummer Eddie Moore kicking him into high gear whether they were working breakneck bebop classics or ballads. The rhythm section fired off unexpected accents like there was a war on, and Redman sidewinded his nonstop lines in between the bursts, occasionally arcing into a shriek or a gust of whinnying. Next was Steve Coleman's Five Elements pumping out an enormous sound, a 1980s dream mélange of funk and rock and reggae and improvisation and jazz and spaghetti Westerns and kung-fu flicks. With the grooves as intense as they could make them, the band was totally unafraid of digging into them for a ride—to the audience's delight as well as Coleman's, who'd plant himself in front of the drummer to dip and bop and work the band deeper and deeper into the funk. Cassandra Wilson handled vocals with her usual slinky, sensual control, while Coleman wielded his alto fiercely from rhapsodizing to raging. The birth of a new sound, and the audience ate it up.

So with its other high points—Sun Ra delivering one of his Professor Irwin Corey lectures on life and the universe followed by his Arkestra's wild careening, Sonny Murray and Ronald Shannon Jackson leading densely rhythmic groups, and so on—the Knitting Factory Jazz Festival did what no one has done with jazz since Verna Gillis's Soundscape offered a look at the condition of various vanguards at Irving Plaza with some advertising support from the J.V.C. umbrella. The only subsidies the Knitting Factory people got were from a small but ambitious Village record store called Vinylmania Jazz, which helped with advertising and the cost of the comprehensive program guide. That kind of relationship is an old one in the music biz. Radio stations and record stores have traditionally sponsored events because they want to sell more of the music; it's a more understandable, more healthy context than the P.R.-intensive one established by mallmakers like J.V.C. or American Express with its New York International Festival of the Arts. Let's hope the Knitting Factory's festival makes it back next year. □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EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 186*)
our government, almost unscathed—and rehabilitates Nixon. There are situations that demand a sterner response than sweetness and light. *Eugene Kusmiak*

MORTON REPLIES

New York City
I'm disturbed by Alan Schwartz's belief that anything in my article "tends to legitimize a basic tenet of Holocaust-denial." The Holocaust is a fact, a terrible fact. I think it's plain that Robert Faurisson is an anti-Semite, and I should have made this explicit in my article. But I think I did make it abundantly clear that Faurisson's "research" is beneath consideration, beneath contempt. This was the premise of my discussion of the Faurisson affair.

Schwartz quotes one sentence. This followed a few sentences in which I criticized Chomsky for his remark that he had seen "no evidence" that Faurisson was an anti-Semite—I called the remark "strange" and "morally tone-deaf." It preceded a sentence in which I criticized Chomsky for not having "argued it through." My point in the paragraph as a whole was that it seems clear that Faurisson is an anti-Semite, and that if Chomsky thought otherwise he should have tried to explain why.

Having said all this, however, I have to add that I agree that, in context or out, my sentence *was* thoughtless. Even, you might say, morally tone-deaf.

W.D. Rubinstein, in *Quadrant*, presented a heavily edited version of a letter that Chomsky wrote in 1980. Even in this mangled version—which Rubinstein put forth to support his contention that Chomsky is one of "the most evil men in the modern world"—Chomsky said that his support of Faurisson's civil liberties was based on the idea that "those who disagree with one's convictions should have the right of free inquiry and expression." He made it clear that he wasn't defending Faurisson's claims, only his right to express them.

But as for the sentences Schwartz cites, I find them very upsetting. I've continued to think about all this during the past few

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months, and if I were to write about it all from scratch, I'd put things differently than I did in my essay. My main concern there was to clear away the misconception that Chomsky endorsed Faurisson's claims. In all his comments about the Faurisson affair, Chomsky has stressed "the elementary distinction between defense of the right of free expression and defense of the views expressed"; the suggestion that he defended Faurisson's claims is simply false. But I was so intent on making this point that I didn't give enough thought to the implications of my own comment that Chomsky often "expressed himself in a way that invited misunderstandings." Chomsky is a devoted civil libertarian, and it was admirable of him to defend Faurisson's free-speech rights—but he had a responsibility to do this as clearly as possible. Instead, he sometimes displayed a distressing lack of measure or common sense: accusing those who disagreed with him of having "totalitarian" mentalities; saying that he had seen "no evidence" that Faurisson was an anti-Semite; suggesting that Faurisson was an "apolitical liberal"; etc., etc. To the extent that Chomsky himself departed from the civil liberties issue with remarks that were offensive and strange, his indignation about being criticized was unwarranted.

If this is true, then my own indignation was to this extent also unwarranted. In my essay I wrote that the people who have criticized Chomsky about his role in the Faurisson affair weren't "arguing honestly." I disagree with much of what his critics have said, but it was reckless of me to suggest that they were all speaking in bad faith.

Finally, one reader, who wrote to me directly, has suggested that I did a disservice to the civil liberties issue in my discussion of all this. Chomsky spoke out on behalf of Faurisson's free-speech rights when Faurisson was arraigned on the charge of "falsification of history." Faurisson of course *did* falsify history; but as the distinguished French historian Pierre Vidal-Naquet put it, "Imposing historical truth as legal truth [is] a dangerous attitude that could be applied in other circumstances." In the controversy that followed Chomsky's intervention, many people wrote as if the issue were Chomsky himself rather than the suppression of civil liberties that he'd protested against. This doesn't seem surprising: By muddying his defense of civil liberties Chomsky did help assure that the controversy would center on him. But in any case, the civil liberties question was slighted by many of those who wrote about the affair, and my correspondent suggested that, in failing even to mention this, I had in effect ratified the mistake. I'm not sure I agree with this criticism, but I think it deserves to be recorded.

Katy Meigs, Eliahu Edelson and Eugene Kusmiak think I paid too much attention to Chomsky's tone. I still think my concern is justified. Chomsky is a formidable political critic, and his work is of great importance, whatever its tone. But much of his recent work is marred by a habit of intemperance and an air of near contempt for the people who disagree with him. If radical critics wish to help bring about social arrangements in which values like tolerance and mutual respect can flourish, they should take care to make those values evident in their work.

I have to admit, though, that I think that Meigs et al. are partly right. My comments about Chomsky's tone were misleading in at least one way. In my essay I speculated that his tone has grown harsher because he's been increasingly locked out of and misrepresented by mainstream liberal journals. Several readers have shown me that I was perpetuating a myth that's been floating around for a while. In fact, apart from the few years in which he wrote for *The New York Review of Books*, Chomsky was never welcomed by these journals—my implication that they were once cheerfully open to radical viewpoints gave them too much credit. Chomsky has always been a stringent critic of mainstream liberal thought; my assumption that he's nettled about his exclusion from mainstream liberal journals probably didn't make much sense. I do think his work has coarsened, but my suggestion as to why it has coarsened left something to be desired.

My concentration on his manner may have been misplaced in another way. Criticizing the tone of Chomsky's writings on the Middle East, for instance, I concluded that he was no longer trying to be a "peacemaker." After my review appeared I came across an article in the May 1 issue of the English-language *Al Fajr*, the Palestinian weekly newspaper, that made me think again. The article is headlined "Chomsky Angers Audience with Statements on PLO." Speaking before a Palestinian audience in East Jerusalem, Chomsky had insisted that "when the PLO sends terrorists into Israel to kill civilians, that's terrorism." Though he said that armed resistance to an occupying army can be justified—as opposed to terrorism, which cannot—he did not recommend this to the Palestinians. For the Palestinians, he said, the crucial fight is "the fight for American and Israeli public opinion." Chomsky urged his audience to work toward a "two-state solution in which the two contending national groups have the right to self-determination."

I've since heard that he urged the same solution during talks with Israelis. Going before Israeli and Palestinian audiences and arguing against violence and for a two-state settlement . . . well, if that isn't being a peacemaker, I don't know what is.

Brian Morton

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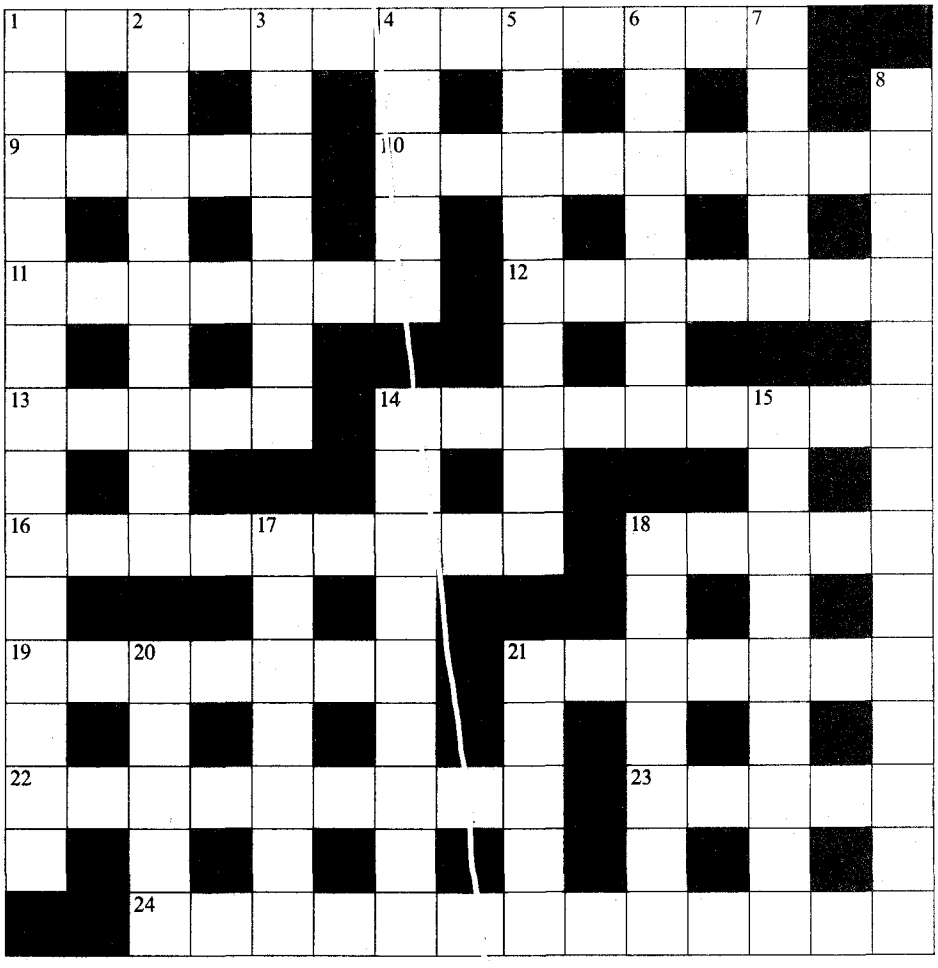

ACROSS

1 One might deal with esoteric communication from the grave site, and go back to have a little informal talk with her. (13)
9 The sort of tie displayed by a Caledonian? (5)
10 A quiet writer has an aphorism about such an attachment. (9)
11 One of the baby type might be tender, but in 40s we were warned not to be so under 5 down, unless specifically accompanied. (7)
12 One who tries to be like Lamb? (7)
13 Rages in great fury, but they gradually go up or down. (5)
14 Slang term for a dollar or so turned by the entertainer, perhaps. (9)
16 Joined by the thirsty at the prom, though it should the last word in funny stories. (5,4)
18 A whole class of people that sound thrown aside? (5)
19 Would the dentist consider it close, properly? (7)
21 A famous Italian had a little room in one. (7)
22 The poet wasn't talking about rendings that didn't work, of course! (4,5)
23 To the French, study makes the poet! (5)
24 With Anne, a few kings in novel fashion, which some find hard to understand. (9,4)

DOWN

1 Shut up! People having it don't want to be! (14)
2 May snatch what comes out, but his craft is probably associated with the more affluent journeyman. (9)
3 Those who make doilies, etc., out of old torn rags? (7)
4 Rages wildly, since changing them sometimes sounds like a grind. (5)
5 A fall from here reputedly led to an important discovery, though possibly present at the scene of a much earlier fall. (5,4)
6 How *Huckleberry* begins, and how *Sawyer* gets half read—which is capable of distinction in *Hamlet*, with a hawk, for example. (7)
7 Set to go after this? (5)
8 What the hosts of the fair-haired girl of fairy tales displayed to one another? (The following types might!) (4,10)
14 The first of cold frost to make a greeting gesture when there are too many takers around. (5,4)
15 This had company in early British colonial days, perhaps where Calcutta is now. (4.5)
17 It's very warm around the country on the whole—being in Texas, naturally. (7)
18 Are certain workers blue? They are not so detached as they used to be! (7)
20 One in a young animal might be considered important to a Moslem. (5)
21 Marc considered him envious, at least part of Marc, as can be seen. (5)

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